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fiscal year was made, by the Board of which General Andrews, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, is President. The total appropriation for the business year totals nearly \$30,000,000. Of the twenty-four regional districts, that which includes New York was assigned the largest fund. Voluntary cooperation of State officials and Federal agents had resulted in certain sections, it was announced, in a rapid diminution of offenses against the dry laws.

In spite of the drastic cuts made in tax rates during the past two years, the Bureau of Internal Revenue reported a total increase in receipts during the last fiscal year, of \$251,859,625 over the previous twelvemonth. Revelation of these figures strengthened the likelihood that the Democrats will make every effort to force tax revision during the coming session of Congress, failing which they will demand an extra session next Spring.—Registration of motor vehicles in the country for the first six months of the current year totaled 19,697,832, an increase of 10.8 per cent over the same period of 1925. New York, California, Pennsylvania and Illinois continued to lead the list in the number of registered vehicles, and Florida showed the greatest increase in the other States. The receipts from registration fees, licenses, etc., reached \$255,779,149.

The Circuit Court of Appeals at St. Louis, September 28, handed down a reversal of the decision reached over a year ago by the District Court at Cheyenne, Wyoming, in the Teapot Dome oil case. By the new decision the lower court was ordered to cancel the Mammoth Oil Company's lease, characterized as fraudulent, and the Sinclair Company was enjoined from further trespassing on the Government property. An accounting of the oil taken from the reserve under the old lease was demanded. Former Secretary of the Interior Albert B. Fall was held to be the only corrupt Government official involved, although the court declared that "a trail of deceit, falsehood, subterfuge, bad faith and corruption, at times indistinct but nevertheless discernible, runs through the transaction." The St. Louis action was in accord with the decision rendered at Los Angeles in the Doheny oil lease. Both civil cases have further appeal only to the Supreme Court, on points of law. The several criminal cases in the affair are still pending.

Chronicle

Home News.—While the President had expressed a desire that his personal record be eliminated as an issue in local campaign programs, Senator William B. Butler, Chairman of the Republican National Committee announced that in addition to the main Republican slogan of "prosperity," the plea of support for the present administration will also be stressed. Democratic opposition to Mr. Coolidge, he thought, would act as a boomerang in favor of the President, who today "is closer, if possible, to the hearts of the people." Republican leaders have not disguised their belief that the President is stronger than his party.—State Convention results in New York and Massachusetts showed a decided tendency to seek repeal of the present prohibition laws, an attitude, the *New York Times* noted, which will deprive candidates in the Empire State of any campaign support from national leaders of either party and thus make the issue a bit more problematical.

An allotment of \$9,500,000 to cover the cost of prohibition enforcement during the remainder of the current

Argentine.—Associated Press dispatches announced that the long controversy between the Government and the Vatican resulting from the Holy See's refusal to ratify the Government's selection of Mgr. Michele d'Andrea as Archbishop of Buenos Aires, appeared to have been settled. After more than twelve hours' discussion the Senate voted to submit a new *terna* to Rome. It will be recalled that under Argentina's concordat with the Vatican the Government has the right of nominating bishops and that in July 1923, Mgr. d'Andrea was proposed but that his name was not agreeable to the Holy See and he resigned his candidacy. Up to now the Government had refused to accept the resignation and no other nominee was sent to Rome. The present action of the Senate indicates that the Vatican's wishes are to be met.

Canada.—The resignation of Mr. Meighen's Ministry was accepted by Governor General Byng and Mr. King took the oath of office as Canada's Premier. At once he announced his Cabinet and its members were also sworn in. The new cabinet has eight new ministers and the French-Canadian representation has been materially increased. New Brunswick for the first time will have a French-speaking Minister, Peter Veniot. While no Defense Minister was announced it was unofficially stated that Colonel Ralston would receive that portfolio.

The swearing in of the new Premier was practically the last official act of Baron Byng, as he left Canada on September 29. His successor, Viscount Willingdon, had left Southampton two days earlier.—Premier King is to attend the Imperial Conference in London during the month and it was rumored that other members of the Ministry would accompany him.—Mr. Meighen has announced that he intends to retire from the leadership of his party. Parliament will probably be called the first week of December.

China.—On September 23, the Canton Government announced the end of the anti-British trade boycott which has been in force for more than a year. However, rabid anti-British propaganda continued. The day previously, at Geneva, a Chinese delegate at a meeting of the League of Nations surprised the assembly by accusing the British of having wilfully and without reason bombarded the Chinese town of Wanshien on September 5, destroying 1,000 houses and killing as many as 1,000 inhabitants. After giving a history of the case he concluded: Owing to such an extraordinary and serious incident of international importance, which, if developed, would endanger the peace of the Far East, the Chinese delegation is instructed to make known these facts to the Assembly, as a matter of record. Viscount Cecil, while not prepared for the charge and thus unable to reply in detail, was contented to state: " . . . I happen to be sufficiently acquainted with the

facts to say at once that we do not in any way agree with the statement the Chinese delegate has made." In general the Assembly resented the delegate's action and later the President of the Assembly made it plain that his procedure had been irregular.

Information regarding the military situation in Central China continued meager but it was clear that owing to defections Wu Pei-fu had been compelled to retire to the north while the Cantonese had advanced into the southern Honan Province. Wu's forces still held Wuchang, and there was an unconfirmed rumor that the Cantonese had suffered a major defeat in the loss of Nanchang and 5,000 troops to Marshal Sun.

France.—The October session of Parliament will bring President Poincaré nearer to the test of his power as a financial redeemer of his country. That the confidence was not misplaced which was shown him after the overthrow of Herriot's Government is shown by the success he has so far achieved by his policy of ensuring the essential conditions of stabilization through internal self-aid, rather than by trying to force the issue through on the basis of foreign credit. His reliance has been placed on the productive power of the country in order to obtain the total of eleven billion francs necessary to balance the budget of 1927. Without the confidence of all classes and of the farmers, who are looked upon as the chief stabilizing element in the economic situation, this amount could hardly be raised by any internal program. Nevertheless, their confidence appears to have been gained. In the last few weeks the demands for National Defense Bonds came mainly from the farmers themselves. As a definite accomplishment the President was able in August to point to a reduction of the amount owing by the Administration to the Bank of France by no less than 1,400,000 francs. During the same period the note circulation has been diminished by 2,112,000,000 francs. Hence the available margin of money which the Administration is legally permitted to borrow from the Bank of France is raised from 60,000,000 of a month ago to 2,000,000,000. The unsettled status however of the Mellon-Béranger accord with regard to the debt keeps an element of uncertainty to the fore, and the President will need all the confidence he can muster in order to carry out this essential feature in the restoration of the full value of French currency.

Greece.—Rumors were current of another movement against the Government. The *New York Times* reported that General Kondylis had announced his retirement from politics and his intention to dissolve his party, the National Republicans. Party leaders however were not impressed by his manifesto and insisted that he should resign. Some of the evidence brought out in the court-martial of Colonels Zervas and Dertilis who were in com-

Friendly
Gesture
Toward
Vatican

New
Cabinet
in
Ottawa

Other
Political
Items

Relations
With
Great Britain

Yangtze
Campaign

Stabilizing
the Franc

Political
Unrest

mand of the recently disbanded Republican Guard, put Kondylis in a bad light, making it appear that on the eve of the overthrow of Pangalos a "Protocol of Honor" had been made wherein Kondylis promised not to interfere in politics. There were indications too that he was the real cause of and responsible for the bloodshed on September 9, when the regular army was used to crush the Republican Guard and to suppress a riot fomented by the Communists and Royalists.

On September 26 President Konduriotis received three anti-Venizelist leaders, who demanded formation of a service Cabinet, the application of a simple majority system of voting in the prospective general elections for Parliament, instead of proportional voting, and a convention of all party leaders in order that the President might discuss with them the best means of restoring a normal situation in the country. President Konduriotis replied that he had agreed to resume the Presidency on condition that there should be a coalition Cabinet and he agreed to call a meeting of the party leaders. There was evidence that Premier Kondylis disagreed regarding the electoral and Cabinet changes asked of the President. The conference met on September 27 and was attended by the President, the Premier, General Gonatas, M. Kaphandaris, Conservative Liberal; M. Papanastassiou, Republican; M. Sophoulis, M. Michalakopoulos, Liberal; M. Zavitsianos, National Unionist; General Metaxas, Extreme Royalist; M. Tsaldaris, Popular Royalist, and M. Demetris, Unionist. The conference sat more than five hours and divided evenly on the question of proportional representation and the retention of the majority system. When the resignation of the present Cabinet was discussed, three favored it. Kondylis offered to resign and intimated that if the President wished him to remain in office he was willing to postpone the elections and dismiss any member of the Cabinet who might wish to stand for election. The President's decision was not announced but pending it there was a good deal of disquiet in political and military circles.

Ireland.—A new political party has been launched by Captain William Redmond and some members of the old Westminster party. The organization is to be known as the Irish Nationalist League. The first public meeting of the new party was held in Waterford, John Redmond's old constituency, and meetings are scheduled for various centers throughout the country. A manifesto issued over the names of W. A. Redmond and Thomas O'Donnell, ex-M. P., declared: "There is a grave and urgent necessity for a new constitutional party in the Irish Free State. . . Such a party must be inspired by the traditional principles of Irish nationalism, must accept without reservation the Anglo-Irish Treaty and the Constitution, must recognize as valid and binding all engagements entered into by lawful authority, and must direct its policy towards an effective reconstruction of our partitioned Ire-

land, as well as a restoration of the economic welfare of our country." The speakers have attacked the Ministerial party along practically every line of endeavor. The Ministerialists have started their preparatory election campaign in earnest and are holding meetings in the pivotal points. Mr. Cosgrave, J. J. Walsh, and other members of the Government are basing their appeal to the electorate on the danger of changing Governments at this critical time in the reconstruction and on their achievements during the past four years. The Fianna Fail, under Mr. De Valera, is rapidly taking definite shape in its electoral organization. In Dublin and throughout the counties, branches of the new Republican development are being established, but only the most meager details of the progress made are appearing in the press. An interesting possibility in regard to the next Dail appeared in the *Irish Tribune*. After calculating the number of deputies to be elected by each party, it assumes that the Government party will not hold a stable majority; in that case, it states,

a combined vote of other parties in the Dail against the Government can suspend the standing orders and allow the thirty Republicans to walk in. No penalties are provided against those who take their seats oathless and the acts of the Dail are not invalidated by their admission.

In such an eventuality, Mr. De Valera and his party would have an opportunity of carrying through their specific policy of abolishing the oath entirely.

A surprisingly small amount of discussion in the Irish press has thus far followed the publication of the census returns. It had been very confidently expected that there was an increase in population since 1911. Hence, there was disappointment and even consternation when it was discovered that the Free State population had decreased by 166,886 or 5.3 per cent, and Northern Ireland had shown only the slight increase of 5,791, or 0.5 per cent. These figures, together with those showing the increase of emigration during the last census period, the increase of the urban over the rural population, the excess of the male over the female population in general, all of which are contained in the preliminary report issued by the Ministry of Industry and Commerce, offer materials for a better understanding of the present economic conditions in the Free State.

Mexico.—One of the mysteries of recent days had not been cleared up at the time of going to press. It will be remembered that Obregon was captured by Yaqui Indians, whose lands he had stolen and whom he had otherwise harassed. Later it was announced he had been released and interviews with him even came out of Mexico. These, however, bore all the earmarks of being spurious, and as yet no one had reported having actually seen him. On the other hand reports came during the week from good sources that Obregon was never released and that in fact there existed grave doubts if he were alive.—In spite of press reports to the contrary, direct news from Mexico

President
Summons
Party
Leaders

Little Comment
on Census

The Political
Campaign

Various
Items

informed us that very recently the boycott was sixty per cent efficient: even in Mexico City, sales have been reduced by that amount. The courage of the Mexican Catholics in keeping up the struggle continued to win the admiration of the world.—Persistent evidence that the country is not as peaceful and safe as the Calles propagandists would have us believe came in dispatches to the effect that bandits continued to prey upon tourists, Mexicans being the latest to suffer. Meanwhile the Yaqui campaign went on, or rather the Yaquis remained in open revolt, with little or no serious effort being made to repress them. Most Mexicans would rather face anything than these same Yaquis, whose warlike prowess is as proverbial as the Sioux or Apaches of our own country, and it is unlikely that a campaign would arouse much enthusiasm in the army. In fact there exists grave doubt if the army could be risked in a campaign against them. Yet Calles is faced with the necessity of doing something, for some prominent Americans hold lands formerly belonging to these Indians.—The resignation of Secretary of the Treasury Pani was an event of the first significance. Señor Pani is the ablest financier in Mexico, and his break with Calles is a blow to the latter, and a sign that dissension exists in the Government. The announced reason of the break was the fact that some of the Treasury employes had shown Catholic sympathies. But the disagreement went deeper than that. Señor Pani was expected in New York shortly after his resignation.

Nicaragua.—An armistice between the Chamorro Government and the Liberal revolutionists was signed and plans proceeded for a peace conference early in October.

Armistice
Signed

Meanwhile two more American destroyers arrived at Bluefields so that there were six United States gunboats in Nicaraguan waters. Accounts of the fighting at El Bluff last week stated that two Americans operating machine guns for the revolutionists had been killed. Bluefields itself was reported short of provisions. In accordance with the terms of the armistice American marines from the "Galveston" landed at El Bluff, which with the adjacent islands in the Escondido River has been declared a neutral zone. It was announced that the East coast of Nicaragua was open to American commerce without danger of molestation.

Poland.—The power of Pilsudski was again demonstrated by an incident in the Sejm. The representatives of the people had slashed the budget recommendations, amounting to 484,000,000 zlotys (\$54,000,000), when suddenly the story was spread that General Pilsudski was returning from his holiday and would be accompanied by three picked regiments. As a consequence the full budget was restored without delay. Pilsudski, however, did not return; the story had sufficed to gain the desired end. The members of the Sejm showed their chagrin by a vote of no confidence given to two minor Cabinet Ministers. On this all the Cabinet Ministers resigned, and the Gov-

ernment showed its disdain of the Sejm by promptly re-appointing the entire Cabinet, which President Moscicki received without reservation. Moreover the Senate met and without reservation accepted the complete budget of 484,000,000 zlotys for the last quarter of the year. The significance of these actions consists in the fact that the Government is decidedly in the minority, yet it need not be concerned what action the Sejm may take. The President now has the power promptly to dissolve the Parliament at will and a re-election would leave the situation precisely as it stood before.

Rome.—The recent elevation of Mgr. Michel D'Herbigny, S.J., to the Episcopate is a remarkable provision for the needs of the Church in Russia. Mgr.

Provision
for Russia

D'Herbigny's mission is of a purely religious nature to the Catholics, and has no political or diplomatic character. Recently the new Bishop said Mass in the Church of St. Louis at Moscow. In his sermon he brought the blessing of the Holy Father to the Catholics of various nationalities in the territory of the Union of Soviet Republics. Every morning of the following week the Church was crowded. Rosaries, medals and children were blessed, and Confirmation was administered. In view of the recent establishment of the Catholic Near East Welfare Association in the United States this action of the Holy Father is of especial significance. Considering the frantic warfare against religion in the Soviet Republics it is remarkable that Catholics there may experience the benefit of any kind of spiritual ministrations.

The Holy See has shown that its attitude toward the *Action Française* is in accord with the views published in the *Osservatore Romano*, by Cardinal Andrieu, Archbishop of Bordeaux. In a letter in the same magazine on September 8, the Holy Father endorses Cardinal Andrieu's attitude, which was one of fear as to the demoralizing or paganizing effect of the *Action Française*. While conceding that Catholics should have the utmost freedom in discussing purely secular matters, such as government or political topics, he warns the Faithful against writings that in questions of faith or morals tend to weaken the Catholic spirit, and lessen loyalty to the Church, or impair purity of heart.

Action
Française

Next week, G. K. Chesterton will present the fourth of the series which he is writing for AMERICA on the general subject "What They Don't Know." In this instalment he draws a clever parallel between his own Father Brown and the Mr. Clissold of H. G. Wells' latest novel.

Under the intriguing title "Concerning Dickens," David P. McAstocker will discuss a grave modern problem.

"Library Progress and Catholic Libraries" is a timely paper by William M. Stinson on the anniversary convention of the American Library Association.

AMERICA

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WILFRED PARSONS
Editor-in-Chief

JOSEPH HUSSEIN

PAUL L. BLAKELY

FRANCIS X. TALBOT

WILLIAM I. LONERGAN

PETER J. DOLIN

JOHN LA FARGE

Associate Editors

FRANCIS P. LeBUFFE, Business Manager

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What Will the A. F. L. Do?

THIS Review has always rightly been known as a staunch friend of organized Labor. It has not been a blind friendship, approving in advance everything the Federation of Labor or its component parts have done. Perhaps precisely because it has carried on a frank and independent friendship, defending where it could and trying to have changed what it could not defend, it has achieved a certain influence which it might otherwise not have had. It was, therefore, with the greater confidence that it launched some weeks ago on its campaign to convince Labor leaders that they were in a false position before the country by continuing their only too-well-known alliance with the Mexican Labor party which is controlling Mexico. Details of this campaign have been challenged, but as yet no fact has been brought before us to warrant a change of front.

The only reasonable action left to the American Federation of Labor is a public disavowal of Calles. Rightly or wrongly, the Federation stands before the country as the friend of Calles. If rightly, it is high time to break with him. If wrongly, nothing would clear the air so much as a clear-cut disavowal of friendship. If the Federation is not responsible for Calles, as it insists, it has everything to gain and nothing to lose by such a disavowal. If it is responsible, as the facts seem to indicate, it has everything to lose before American public opinion by continuing the connection which establishes the responsibility.

The Federation unwittingly deceives itself if it still persists in an attitude of indifference to the Mexican situation, on the grounds that it is a religious and political situation, and not an economic one. It is only too clear that the religious and political difficulties exist precisely because an economic situation has been created. The former only rise out of the latter. The Federation must know only too well that Calles' labor legislation, fair-

sounding though it is, and progressive, is mere political jugglery. Labor in Mexico has been sold to the politicians, and these politicians are bent on a system of dictatorship of the proletariat, which is contrary to all American ideals, and to the expressed policies of the American Federation itself. What will the A. F. L. do?

Norman Thomas Strikes Back

OUR sympathies with the American Civil Liberties Union, as its principles are occasionally expounded by Mr. Roger Baldwin, and with the political activities of the Rev. Norman Thomas, are so small that they may be compared to the area of the point of a needle. It must also be said that our sympathies with public officials who misuse powers delegated by the people, are so very small that the area of a needle-point is, by comparison, an immeasurable expanse. A private injury is a private wrong; abuse of delegated power is in addition a crime against government.

Five months ago, the Rev. Norman Thomas penetrated the textile-strike zone of Passaic, New Jersey, to deliver an address, on premises which had been leased for the occasion. It does not appear, however, that he was allowed to speak at any length. Filled with zeal for the preservation of law and order, a sheriff arrested him and lodged him in jail. Shortly thereafter, he was taken by stealth, to Hackensack, and knowledge of his whereabouts was denied his counsel and friends. There he was arraigned before a local justice of the peace, who in his private capacity sold real estate and insurance, and with the aid of the sheriff, a sheriff's assistant, and a representative from the prosecutor's office, a process alleging that he had violated the Riot Act was drawn up. In the meantime counsel had discovered where Mr. Thomas was, and was present when his client was released under bonds for \$10,000.

These grave judicial proceedings took place five months ago. Mr. Thomas demanded immediate action, but could obtain none until last week, when the Grand Jury dismissed the case in open court. Mr. Thomas now publishes his intention of bringing suit, simply as a matter of good citizenship, for false arrest. In this he is thoroughly justified. To deprive even the humblest citizen of the least of his constitutional rights is no small matter.

It is to be hoped that this example will be followed by others who, particularly in the course of labor disputes, are forced to submit to petty tyrants arrogating an authority not only forbidden by every principle of good government but by the natural law itself. The police never had a case against Mr. Thomas. Their intention was simply to destroy his right to comment publicly on the strike, or, in other words, to abrogate a guarantee of the Constitution of New Jersey by the use of fraud and violence.

From Mr. Thomas' proposals for a solution of the capital and labor disputes, we dissent wholly, as far as we understand them. But the case now goes far

beyond Mr. Thomas, his personal wrongs, or his opinions. If men can be jailed for exercising a constitutional right, and be thereafter denied redress, then none of us are safe from the clubs of the police.

Youthful Alcoholism

THE Moderation League of New York has issued a report on the growth of alcoholism in the United States since the adoption of the Volstead Act. In the judgment of the distinguished publicists who sign it, "the Volstead Act has failed utterly to do what it was intended to do, namely, promote temperance and sobriety." As conditions are becoming worse each year, the signers entertain no confidence that the Act, "in its present drastic form can ever accomplish its purpose."

For the Anti-Saloon League, Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler retorts in the intemperate fashion which, it is to be feared, has become habitual with him.

It is possible to be deeply impressed with certain findings in this report, without accepting all in detail. One finding is that we are now trying to do what should have been done ten years ago, when without the searching and impartial examination demanded by the gravity of the case, we allowed the Anti-Saloon League and its allied groups to assume a power which has resulted in our present unenforceable legislation. Another finding, which we write with shame and horror, is that "drunken children have increased far above anything ever known before in this country."

The friends of the Volstead Act have replied with force that this assertion is a gross misstatement of fact. For once we sincerely wish that we could agree with them. But we cannot. It is our belief that the fearful evil of alcoholism has become so widespread among boys and girls as to challenge the zeal and charity of all who love the young and sincerely wish their welfare.

When the Volstead legislation first went into effect this Review stated that to conclude that the cause of temperance was secure, would be a fatal error. It called upon our Total Abstinence Societies to continue their work without abatement, and counselled parents and school authorities to redouble their vigilance, by good example in the home and by the formation of temperance societies in our colleges and high schools. Were these warnings useless? We do not think that any man or woman whose work has been among young people, can contend that they were.

It is the duty of the State to make vice hard and virtue easy, but as a teacher of virtue penal law always fails. Nor do we think highly of that policy which advises temperance simply because it promotes physical health. Better far teach our boys and girls to abstain from a motive of Christian self-denial and in reparation to Him who for our sins was agonized with thirst upon the Cross.

The Teapot Dome Lease

THE guileless gentlemen who in all good faith, let us suppose, came to the assistance of the Government some years ago by leasing the Teapot Dome oil reserve, have fallen upon evil times. If we are to believe their protests, all made out of court, however, never were philanthropists and patriots more scandalously requited. "A trail of deceit, falsehood, bad faith and corruption," rules the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals, in a decision handed down at St. Louis on September 28, "at times indistinct but nevertheless discernible, runs through the transactions incident to and surrounding the making of this lease. It should not receive the approval of this court."

And it did not. In language rare in a judicial document the bench expressed its adverse opinion of the similar lease in Wyoming, of the men who made it, and of their persistent effort to block the Government's case. This conduct, it was conceded, was wholly legal, "but a court of equity has the right to draw all reasonable proper inferences" from the right of the defendants to "remain silent, to evade, to refuse to furnish information, and thus to defy the Government to prove its case." Whereupon the learned judges proceeded to set forth a few of the inferences which they deemed reasonable and proper. Why was silence the only answer of a man prominent in the business world to the grave accusation that he had bribed a member of the Cabinet? Why was silence the only answer of this Government official accused of accepting a bribe? Why did this official's son-in-law take refuge in the plea, "not resorted to by honest men" that to tell what he knew would incriminate him?

When these shameful cases were first brought into the courts, AMERICA pointed out that the defendants had a constitutional right to a speedy trial, and expressed the hope that they would avail themselves of this constitutional guarantee. As time went on and it became evident that their line of defense was to invoke every possible technicality which could defer the trials to some future period when because of the death or absence of witnesses the Government would be forced to drop the issue, the scandal grew. Perhaps nothing that has occurred within the last half-century of the Republic has done so much to disturb the faith of the people in the impartiality of the courts, and to provide the radical elements with an argument that could hardly be refuted. With amazement the country saw that a small group of wealthy men were able by silence and by evasion to prevent judicial inquiry into "such breach of trust as the evidence points unerringly to, if not to absolute criminality." In language which in substance has already been recorded in this Review, the court said in its recent ruling:

It would seem that men of standing in the business world, when accused of being bribers, would be quick to resent the charge and eager to furnish all information possible that might remove such stain upon their reputations. It is incredible that a former Cabinet official, in the position of trustee of the public lands for the people of the United States, when accused of bribery and corruption in connection with his official duty in matters of great

public interest, would not be quick to refute the same. Is a court compelled to close its eyes to these circumstances? Is it to assist by nice technicalities and legal blindness the transaction such as the Government charges took place, and such breach of trust as the evidence points unerringly to, if not to absolute criminality? . . . Our conclusion is that the Government has sustained its claim that the lease and contract were procured by fraud and corruption, and that they should be cancelled.

The decision refers, it must be noted, to the Government's case against the Sinclair interests in the civil courts. The delay in the criminal actions was equally scandalous. On the one hand, the Government, that is to say the people of the United States, moved to recover property fraudulently wrested from it, and the other, to vindicate the law by bringing the alleged criminals to trial; yet in each movement skilled counsel were able to prevent judicial inquiry by "nice technicalities," as the Circuit Court asserts. It is not a condition of affairs which is calculated to strengthen confidence in the legal profession or in the courts.

With no disposition to prejudice the men accused of bribery, corruption, and theft, but with every disposition to establish faith in our courts as dispensers of justice impartially to the rich and to the poor, we hope that these cases will soon be terminated. Not only the alleged criminals, but their counsel, and, in a measure, the courts themselves, are on trial. Radicalism often flourishes under repression, but it can strike no deep root when every reasonable suspicion that the Government scourges the poor and fondles the rich, has been removed.

Our Overcrowded Colleges

AT TENDANCE at our American colleges has grown far beyond the advance of the general population. In the first quarter of the present century, the increase in general population was about fifty per cent, but the college population grew during the same period sevenfold. No doubt this growth indicates, in some degree, a healthy interest in education and a new appreciation of the value of collegiate training. But it is not without its dangers. "What has brought it to pass," asks Dr. Pritchett, in the current Report of the Carnegie Foundation, "that our schools and colleges today are literally overcrowded with persons who neither can learn nor desire to learn?"

The reasons are numerous, but perhaps the chief has its root in the belief, curiously prevalent in this country, that all boys and girls are capable of profiting by a college education. "Democracy in education" and "equal opportunities for all" are slogans that do not inspire rational action, unless, indeed, the action be rejection of the courses which they propose. It is indeed desirable that an opportunity for higher academic training be made for everyone who can profit by it, but an opportunity has value only to those who recognize and desire it. Four years at college endured as four years in jail, or made hectic by domestic and extramural social festivities, are equally devoid of cultural and disciplinary results.

Surely there should be no room in any Catholic college for young men and women who "neither can learn nor desire to learn." Triflers and dullards do more than merely cumber the ground. They acquire nothing that is good for themselves, and they are a drag on teachers and the real students. One often wonders how these specimens contrived to meet the entrance requirements, but noting that they appear year after year in the rosters of the students, is forced to conclude that the officials are remiss in their duties, or to admit that miracles are remarkably common in academic circles.

The late Dr. Burton set a good example when on the first page of his annual report as acting President of Chicago University, he commended the activity of his deans in ridding the University of alleged students who either would not or could not make progress. College is not for the many but for the few. One cannot polish brick.

Rescuing the Derelict Child

SINCE the public schools afford no training in religion, it is consoling to note year by year the growth of instruction leagues in all our large cities. Perhaps the most notable of these groups is the Catholic Instruction League of Chicago, founded by the Rev. John Lyons, S.J., and recently approved by Pius XI. This League has been the means of saving thousands of children to the Faith in Chicago, and within recent years its beneficent activities have spread throughout many cities in the West and Southwest.

It is understood, of course, that these associations, praiseworthy as they are, do not make the public school an institution which Catholics can approve for their children. According to the law of the Church, the Catholic child must be educated in a Catholic school, unless the Bishop to whom alone decision is reserved, should judge that attendance at a non-Catholic school may be tolerated. Instruction in religion and morality, given after class once or twice a week, in assuredly better than no instruction at all, but it is not sufficient to make a school "Catholic" according to the mind of the Church. For a Catholic school, according to the famous Letter of Pius IX to the Bishops of Ireland, is one in which "the soul of the entire academic education is our holy religion." This alone is the school which every truly Catholic parent should choose for his children. If for reasons deemed sufficient by the Bishop, he entrusts his children to a non-Catholic institution, he is bound under pain of grave sin to procure a religious education for them in some other manner. He cannot divest himself of this obligation.

It is difficult to understand, however, how he can really fulfill it without the aid of a school in which the teaching of religion and morality holds the first place. A substitute for such a school may, for serious reasons, be tolerated. But it can never be approved.

Some New "Beati"

BARBARA DE COURSON

THE Pontificate of Pius has witnessed the glorification of many servants of God on whose sanctity the Church has set her seal. After the numerous and memorable canonizations and beatifications of 1925 came others in 1926, and of these the list is not yet closed. This month a goodly company of priests will take their place among the "Beati." At a time when the French clergy, much reduced in numbers, are suffering from poverty and persecution, the triumph of their martyred countrymen will bring joy and encouragement to the workers of today, in the mission fields of France.

The Beati of this month were victims of the great upheaval that at the end of the eighteenth century, destroyed the monarchy and, for a time, the Catholic Church in France. History at certain epochs needs to be rewritten and this is particularly true of the momentous crisis that started in 1789. It has now been proved by the light of original documents, that this upheaval was not only social and political, and that the nuns and priests who, by hundreds were then shot or beheaded, were done to death, not for their noble birth or for their royalist opinions, but simply because they were faithful to the teaching of the Church.

The venerable prelate, now dead, who acted as promoter of some of these "causes"—to use a technical expression—often told the writer of these lines that he had at first some difficulty in convincing the ecclesiastical authorities in Rome that the French Revolution was also a religious persecution. When he successfully proved that the men and women, whose claims to be beatified he supported, were really martyrs, wider issues were opened, and the anti-religious aspect of the French Revolution was made clear to the Congregation of Rites.

The beatification of the seventeen Carmelite martyrs of Compiègne, under Pius X, was followed by that of the Ursulines of Valenciennes and the Sisters of Charity of Cambrai; only a year ago another group of nuns, the 32 martyrs of Orange who, their executioners complained, "died laughing," were raised to the altars of the Church.

In October, 1926, the same honor is to be paid to a company of Bishops and priests murdered in a Paris prison on September 2, 1792, and to a country curé beheaded at Angers in February, 1794. The Paris martyrs, over one hundred in number, form an interesting group, headed by an Archbishop of noble birth and blameless life, Jean Marie du Lau, Archbishop of Arles, and by two Bishops, brothers, belonging to the well-known family of de la Rochefoucauld, whose members will muster strong at the beatification; the Archbishop of Arles' great-nephew will represent the leader of the holy company.

From the outset the spirit of the revolutionary Government was distinctly hostile to the Church. The Religious

Orders had already been sent adrift when the secular priests were called upon, under pain of imprisonment, exile or death, to take a schismatical oath, condemned as unlawful by Pope Pius VI. Its object was to separate the French clergy from Rome, and those who took it, thereby renounced their allegiance to the Vicar of Christ.

In consequence, throughout the country, the faithful priests were arrested and imprisoned. Early in August, 1792, the church of a convent of discalced Carmelites, whence the rightful owners had been expelled, became a prison. It is still standing. Though the property has been much narrowed by the opening of new streets, the church is untouched, the garden is the sacred battlefield where Christ's martyrs won their crown and the crypt, a sanctuary, full of tragic relics.

Within this church where in 1792 during the hot August days, the atmosphere was suffocating, were gathered about a hundred ecclesiastics, the very flower of the French Church, men whose earnest faith and apostolic zeal had prepared them for the supreme ordeal that was to give them the martyr's crown. The Archbishop and the two Bishops of Beauvais and Saintes, from the first, took the lead of the doomed company, not to claim privileges, but to support and cheer their fellow prisoners. The Archbishop refused to make use of the mattresses, provided by the charity of the Faithful, until all the priests were served.

The younger of the two Bishops, Pierre de la Rochefoucauld, was soon popular among the new comers; his cheerfulness delighted them and his cordial greeting won their hearts and is gratefully mentioned by the few priests who escaped. He was a voluntary prisoner, having been overlooked by the soldiers who arrested his brother from whom he refused to be separated. Many religious Orders were represented; Sulpicians, Benedictines, Jesuits were there, Canons and Vicars-General, a chaplain of the Princess Adelaide, young clerics and a pathetic group of infirm and retired priests who were brought on foot from a distant suburb.

From the first the prisoners observed a rule of life; the day was divided between prayer, meditation and the recitation of the breviary; office books being scarce were passed from one group to another. The surviving priests tell us that they never heard a word of complaint, that the Archbishop, seated between the two Bishops, presided at the meals and led the conversation which was always "cheerful," although it turned chiefly on the history of martyrs. The guards themselves, though rough and often insolent, were impressed by the prisoners' patience and by their dignified and courteous ways.

This attitude was the consequence of their absolute self-surrender to the will of God, for they had no delusions

as to the fate that awaited them and were prepared for the worst. One night, a priest was suddenly awakened by a hideous noise: the guards were simulating a funeral; he roused the Archbishop: "They are coming to murder us" he cried. "Well, *mon cher*," was the quiet answer, "have we not offered the sacrifice of our lives to God?" Mgr. du Lau and the two Bishops were so convinced that the end was near that when their servants came to take their orders, they bade them collect their outstanding bills and pay them.

On September 2, Paris was panic-struck. The men who held the reins of government and who had decided to exterminate the priests, spread alarming reports; the Prussian armies were said to be approaching and Danton, who is chiefly responsible for the massacre that was to take place, impressed upon the terrified citizens that before crushing the enemy outside the walls, they must suppress the enemy within: the priests and the royalists.

By the light of original documents, it is now proved that the crime was carefully organized. When on September 2, the murderers burst into the convent, they had been prepared beforehand, paid in advance and provided with swords, firearms and pikes, even with vinegar to "wipe out stains of blood." The panic that reigned in the city was not the direct cause of the wholesale massacre of the priests, but it made it more easy, the terrified population being less attentive to what was going on within the prisons.

When at about 4 o'clock, alarm-bells rang and revolutionary songs echoed through the streets, the priests were in the convent garden; many of them, the Bishops among others, were reciting Vespers in a little oratory, since swept away. Suddenly, the enclosure was invaded by a band of ruffians, armed to the teeth. They fired indiscriminately right and left. The Archbishop was one of the first to fall mortally stricken, the Bishop of Beauvais was grievously wounded as he knelt, praying. Then, after some moments, the leader of the band, named Maillard, appeared, stopped his men and sent the surviving priests back to the church, where they were packed between the Communion rails and the desecrated High Altar.

In a narrow passage that still exists, a mock tribunal was organized and before Maillard's substitute the priests passed in couples. Each one was asked if he consented to take the schismatic oath; every one refusing, they were sent to the end of the corridor, where a double stone staircase leads into the garden. This they descended one on either side, and below they were literally hacked to pieces by their murderers.

In the church, the waiting priests knelt or stood, praying earnestly, with unearthly serenity. Those who escaped reported that towards the end, a call came: "Where is François de la Rochefoucauld, Bishop of Beauvais?" To the summons a gentle voice answered: "Messieurs, I do not refuse to die, but I cannot walk; will you, therefore, carry me to the place where I ought to go?" And with strange reverence, the guards carried the wounded prelate to the fatal spot.

The priests who escaped the massacre were saved either

because, being young, they climbed the garden walls, or because a guard or even one of Maillard's men, moved by pity, helped them to fly; *not one* consented to take the oath!

The church of "les Carmes," the garden, the stone staircase, the narrow passage, all these spots are untouched; only the little oratory was destroyed seventy years ago when the enlargement of the rue de Rennes cut through the convent enclosure.

Every year on September 2, Masses are said in the crypt, where the bones of some martyrs and the blood-stained pavement of the oratory are preserved. In the monastic building attached to the church the "Institute Catholique" of Paris, governed at present by Mgr. Baudrillart, has its home and generations of young clerics are trained within the building which the memory of the martyred priests has made sacred.

On the Word "Scientific"

HILAIRE BELLOC

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THERE never was such a time as ours for the use of magical words divorced from reason and used as talismans.

There is "Democracy," there is "Progress"; there is "All Authorities are agreed," and there is "Recent research has established"; but I think the worst of all is the word "Scientific." It is used with finality, as though, once used, all discussion ended. A thing having been established "Scientifically," there is no more questioning it. An opponent proved "unscientific" is out of court.

Now it is noticeable that of this word, as of all the other exceedingly unintelligent talismans of our newspaper epoch a definition is not attempted. The word is used like the name of a tribal god, to overawe an opponent; but those who use it neither think out what it means, nor, perhaps, are capable of thinking it out. If they did, they would not advance what is called "scientific proof" of things which they do not prove at all, nor call that form of proof "unscientific" which is, in deed and truth, the most scientific of any.

The word "Science," properly used, means organized knowledge. For instance, we all know that a great mass of people travel into New York by the main terminal stations in the morning and travel out in the evening, but that knowledge is not scientific. It becomes scientific in proportion as we strictly examine all the evidence tabulated, all the suggestions we can get which co-ordinate the numbers coming in and going out with a time-table of hours, mark the various destinations, and so forth. When we have established a fairly large body of such information, properly sifted and put into its order, we may be said to have a scientific knowledge of the human ebb and flow by rail into and out of New York during the working day.

But when you have thus acquired organized knowledge of *numbers* on any matter, you have only touched a small part of that matter, if, as is usually the case, you are

inquiring into more than mere *numbers* can tell you. In that case organized knowledge, that is, "Science" and "Scientific method," ought to be carried into every part of your inquiry. That is just where the modern use of the word "Science" and "Scientific" fails. It is applied to that kind of evidence which is strictly measurable in numbers, and especially to that which is mechanical. It is not applied to any one of the other innumerable departments of evidence, nor is distinction made between different *kinds* of things which have to be proved.

For instance, a man will give you "scientific" proof (it is quite easy to do) that eating beefsteaks is a deadly habit. He has but to accumulate statistics of people who have eaten beefsteaks and who have died shortly after, the lesser length of life in certain countries where they eat beefsteaks compared with that in certain other countries where they do not eat beefsteaks, and so on. It is perfectly easy to draw up any number of such tables, and they are all ridiculous and misleading, because they omit the chief piece of evidence of all, which is that of our daily lives. We know by our own experience and that of people round us that, with us at least, in the English climate, the eating of butchers' meat is a normal experience which goes well with a happy and a healthy life.

But that kind of evidence cannot be exactly measured. For the purposes of our enquiry (if indeed enquiry be needed in matters of common sense, which it usually is not), we have not only to take into account general impressions in which it is impossible to have exact measurements, but we have to give them the chief importance. For instance, you can't measure health. You can measure death-rate and recorded cases of disease, but whether one population is healthier than another you know by looking at them and living among them. From infant mortality, or from a local special disease attacking a minority, a mountain village may have worse vital statistics than an industrial slum. But it is certainly healthier.

Take another example: we are told that with regard to certain documents, notably certain sacred documents, that their unauthenticity has been "scientifically" established. A particular case is the Gospel of St. John, or, as those who want to be rid of it are fond of calling it, the Fourth Gospel (the implication being that it was not written by St. John). The so-called "scientific" evidence in this case consists in half a dozen suggestions and perhaps a dozen documentary references. You find that its authenticity was denied by one small and obscure heretical sect a long time after it was written. You find—or, rather, it is obvious—that the style is quite different from the style of the other three Gospels. You find that the name of the author as such is not mentioned in it; you find that it has phrases in it similar to phrases in Pagan and Jewish work separate from and earlier than the Christian Scriptures—you find two or three other points of lesser importance. You tabulate all these. You note all fragmentary allusions to or quotations from the Gospel in the early times and mark the smallest discrepancies in these allusions. You mix up the certain, the probable, the pos-

sible, and what is mere guess-work, all into one lump, not distinguishing each part from the other in proportion to credibility—and you call that "Scientific Evidence."

It is nothing of the kind. The spirit shown in such selection and false emphasis is the very opposite of the true scientific spirit. The scientific spirit, to begin with, asks to see *all* the evidence obtainable and relative to the issue. To leave out the overwhelming voice of tradition; to leave out the fact that, in a highly cultured time, with constant coming and going throughout the Roman Empire, the authorship of St. John was taken for granted universally is no more scientific than it would be to reject all textual evidence or all criticism of manuscripts. And there is more than this; whoever wrote the Gospel of St. John wrote something quite unique. Even the most inadequate knowledge of men will convince the reader that whoever wrote that piece of work had had the effect of a living Personality most powerfully and vividly impressed upon him, and that, probably, early in life.

Again, the document is not cast in the form of a treatise; it is cast in the form of a narrative and of a narrative by a witness. It does not say "consider this beautiful Philosophy." It says, "This happened. This was said. This was seen. This was heard."

Again, you have evidence of all kinds, evidence of the place of origin carried on over not more than two lifetimes, internal evidence that the writer was intimately acquainted with Palestine and with Palestine before the fall of Jerusalem, internal evidence that he seems to have been so acquainted with it as a young man when the events described were taking place. Now all *that* evidence a scientific mind takes into account. It is not scientific to leave it out; it is grossly unscientific to leave it out.

I may switch off from that particular and famous instance to another which is in everyone's mouth to-day, I mean the "Scientific" argument against Catholic truth drawn from geology. It is quite admirably "unscientific." It nearly always begins by defining as historical Catholic doctrine what never was, and never will be, historical Catholic doctrine. It goes on by affirming with regard to the unknown past of man, a number of events which are purely imaginary, for instance a gradual ascension in morals without any sharp and distinctive "setback." An affirmation that the Divine Will never intended for man a supernatural state of blessedness—on which Divine object geology is about as competent to speak as chemistry is competent to talk about Milton's object in writing "Paradise Lost."

There is the "scientific" proof against the Resurrection which we owe to the mighty pen of Dr. Barnes, of Birmingham, who discovered that modern chemistry had proved what nobody had ever suspected before, to wit, that the human body after death corrupts and dissolves.

I think the conclusion is simple enough. The moment any of us sees that word "Scientific," let him beware; it is the sign-post, like one of those big colored marks they put up on roads to warn the motorist that he is in danger of running over fools who may attempt to run across the road in front of him. It ought not to be so. Science is a

noble word, for it originates in that pursuit of truth which is the second noblest of men's activities. But it has come to mean in the mouths of most of us at the best a base, unintelligent reference to mere measurement and number, at the worst (and most commonly) a mixture of ignorance on the question discussed and of deliberate selection, and therefore falsification, of evidence.

Are You Going To Siam?

CAROLINE E. MACGILL

OR some other place, this year or next, or the next after? Such wonderful spots there are on this earth of ours! It takes some folks a lifetime trying to see them. But even if we cannot begin to girdle the globe, it is a fine thing to try and see a few places outside of our ordinary experiences.

What can Europe, or Asia, or South America, or the storied Islands of the Sea, give us, that we cannot find in our own country? "See America First" is indeed a very good slogan, and one that has served as an antidote for much forgetfulness of the riches lying at our doors, so to speak, but it has limitations. The chiefest is the patent fact that Europe, for instance, can give us a whole continent of experiences that we cannot find at home, simply because it is Europe, and not America.

So too with all the others. It depends on what we are looking for. If we want mountains, it is possible that Glacier Park can give us superior thrills to the Alps, but is it after all merely a geologic mass which we like to see, or is a mountain plus, a mountain with a personality? Some day, probably, there will be mountains in North America, or South America, around whose snowy peaks shall cluster song and story, whose names will arouse the same rich allusiveness of the Jungfrau, or the Matterhorn, or Mont Blanc, but that day is not ours.

Europe or Siam can give us perspective, a long view, which we cannot at all obtain in our own country. We are still too contemporaneous, our life is too superficial, because its roots are beyond the seas. We need to look into our own origins, to see, and even more feel the currents of a life which has gone on for a millenium or two. Patience, the vivid sense of the continuity of life, of the slow, inexorable workings of that law which man neither makes nor repeals, but only obeys or breaks, to the determination of his destiny, we need to learn most of all, in a country where we are so many of us under the amiable delusion that we can create new men and women by multiplying statutes.

The New Englander, who gazes upon his stony, worn-out farm with a sense of being cheated somehow by fate, the Middle Westerner who surveys his rich bottomlands with a vast sense of superiority over the owners of less opulent fields, both need to see farms which have been tilled for twice a thousand years, farms far up on mountain terraces, whose patient cultivation has bred men and women of a hardihood long since passed into heroic legend. We think in America, with our manifold inventions, our machinery, our quick intercommunications, that

we have made ourselves masters of our world, but we have scarcely begun to develop the mastery of our food supply which the European peasant possesses.

Europe, or Siam can give us far more than the sight of mountains and fields, a vision of men. It all depends on how we travel, with our bodies alone, or with our minds and souls. Here on Flanders Fields the poppies blow, drenched scarlet not alone with the heroic blood of the last war, but also with the ruddy streams from a hundred wars before. An old battle ground when Caesar first beheld it, east and west have marched undisciplined hordes and seasoned troopers across it, leaving their dead for the rising of rank upon rank at the last day. And still each year the poppies have bloomed. Without doubt armies will yet clash there many times, until perhaps we shall grow up, all of us, from childishness to manhood, and realize the futility and absurdity of war.

Do we picture to ourselves, with the name Siam, the patient toiling of elephants, tugging logs of teakwood from the primeval forest, and piling them with almost human skill, ready for shipment? But behind them we must catch a glimpse of the terrible gluttonous fertility of the jungle, ready to engulf and obliterate the puny efforts of man at the least relaxation.

Little we know in America of either warfare. We marvel at the sound, odor, color, of the exotic East, but we must not miss the unremitting toil of the unconsidered millions that swarm drably behind. Attempting to understand something of their problems, we may see further into our own, and gain a truer perspective. We may, let us hope, become less eager to rush pell-mell whither we know not, as we see that the life-processes are of a slow and inevitable surety.

We think that we have done marvels, politically, socially, industrially, until we learn something of the roots from which we sprang. Coming overseas in a slow sailing ship or a transatlantic greyhound does not in fact cut the emigrant off from his forebears. Biologically, mentally, spiritually, we are the veritable heirs of the ages that have preceded us, and it is but arrant childish megalomania to refuse to learn from or to build upon the past. The very stones of an ancient city are eloquent with the voices of our own kin. Here were mistakes, cruel misapprehensions, great men and women sacrificed to jealousy, greed, fear, above all to stupidity, to wilful closing of the avenues of sympathy and kinship between man and man.

But are we after all so different to-day? Are we eager to recognize worth, jealous lest we miss the jewel of our neighbor's spirit, always ready to let the beam in our eye overshadow our fellow's mote? Or is our criterion of like and dislike, trust and mistrust based solely upon familiarity? If the latter, then by all means let us travel as indefatigably and widely as our purse and time may allow, and become acquainted with as many kinds of man made in the image of God as we possibly can.

But let us go softly, humbly, loving mercy and in the fear of God. For He may show us those whose likeness is closer to His Own than the semblance we share.

Sorrento the Smiling

BROTHER LEO

THIS is Sorrento, captured by Hannibal in the Punic Wars, colonized under Augustus, infested today with peaceful and enthusiastic invaders from all nations under heaven. A trim little excursion steamer brings you over from Naples, and during the two-hour run you behold new points of loveliness in the immortal bay and listen to an orchestra worthy of the place and the occasion. Sorrento, standing nearly two hundred feet above the water, has an impressive approach. The steamer halts a little distance from the cliff, and rowboats swarm about the gang-plank. Every boat carries a huge placard bearing the name of a hotel, and every boatman chants that name in tones at once unctuous and sorrow-stricken. We are going to the Cocumella, and accordingly we catch the eye of the singer with the most pensive wail and into his boat our baggage is dropped, and we follow it with such grace as the occasion warrants.

It is a small boat, but it need arouse no terrors. The water is smooth and the boatman more reassuring as a navigator than as a vocalist. Off we set for the little beach at the base of the Cocumella's cliff; a rare thing is a beach at Sorrento. It is a long row, for the Cocumella is of all the hotels the farthest from the Marina. It is also the oldest; it was a Jesuit villa before it became the pleasant hostelry so many visitors know. Presently we land and then comes the porter who bravely shoulders our bag and who voices protest but looks distinctly relieved when we insist on carrying the typewriter ourselves. We dive into a cool, dark cave and start climbing steps cut in the rock. The trail seems interminable. We wind up and up, sometimes in black underground caverns, sometimes in blinding sunshine along the face of the cliff.

At the top the porter is streaming with perspiration and blowing like some strange amphibious animal; but our journey is not at an end. For now we must walk through the beautiful but extensive garden where there are generous splotches of shade but where, nevertheless, the sun is persistently ardent. Wonderful is that Cocumella garden, by day or by night, heavy with the odor of magnolias, fair and fruitful with bursting grapes trailing in heavy clusters from exquisitely arranged arbors. Yet it seems an eternity—albeit an eternity in Paradise—before we reach the bureau of the hotel and the manager and the concierge and the head waiter and another porter, following the flattering through sometimes embarrassing continental custom, are all lined up to bid us welcome.

And soon we descend from the room with windows opening so invitingly on that Piano di Sorrento commemorated by Browning in his poem, "The Englishman in Italy," and join the bathers splashing in the sea at the foot of the tall cliffs. Is this Coronado or Ocean City, Nice or Hastings? We sink national differences in six feet of salt water, and Neapolitan prince and manufacturer of Neapolitan ice-cream are brothers under the

sand. More Catholic this and more democratic a diversion than golf or tennis, poker or polo; on the beach at Sorrento we shed social, sartorial and academic distinctions, and quite literally show what we are.

We take our *siesta*, of course, and dream, not ungently, of that *sciocco* which in her normal gracious mood Sorrento never knows; and late in the afternoon we stroll into the little town—about ten minutes' walk from the Cocumella—along streets, quiescent in their dust, winding between high stone walls. That does not sound alluring; but there is the pervasive odor of lemon trees, and the walls are topped with masses of cool greenery, and ever so often the pedestrian catches between the bars of iron gates a vista of tangled vines and garden paths, of playing children and marble facades. For Sorrento is a city of villas, and dwellers within its gracious confines hail from the seven seas.

Some of those dwellers, past or present, bear familiar names. Before leaving our hotel we went next door, as we say, to visit the villa where F. Marion Crawford lived for so many years and where he died in 1909. Writing was a serious business with the author of "Mr. Isaacs" and "A Roman Singer," and he was careful not to confuse it with social pleasures or domestic routine. He solved the problem most happily by secluding himself in a high tower some little distance from the house where he could see the Mediterranean and couldn't smell the kitchen. Here he wrote a novel a year and read Plato and Pindar—the latter chiefly because he found it "pretty tough Greek." For relaxation there was his yacht—formerly a pilot boat in New York harbor—anchored off the Piccola Marina, and the author gave himself vacations in it regularly, for he loved sailing and the sea.

Everybody coming to Sorrento sooner or latter meets Signor Tramontano, with one hotel named after him and two more to his credit, a man of years and wisdom and affability, who never tires of discussing celebrities he has entertained through half a century or so. Especially he likes to tell of one chunky little stranger who was wont to frown fiercely through whiskers and spectacles, answer in monosyllables or not at all and keep to his room for hours suspiciously long. That room is something of a show place now; to some ascetic American ladies it is almost a shrine. For "Ghosts" was written there, and the surly guest of Signor Tramontano was Henrik Ibsen. Ah, we muse smilingly, as we gaze idly out across the bay, how far we are nowadays from Mrs. Fiske and her Ibsen matinees; how far from those esoteric conclaves in college or in club when the little Norwegian dramatist was hailed as a master of technique and "The Doll's House" greeted as a bugle call to universal freedom! Poor, dear Henrik! No wonder he frowned, even in Sorrento the smiling.

Sorrento simply cannot keep out of books or off the stage. Are we unmindful of Paul Heyse's "La Rab-

biata"? Or can we ever forget William Hodge in "The Man from Home," a play that pleased mightily until they made a movie out of it and dulled its barbed humor? Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson wrote it in France, at Champigny, in 1906; but its setting is here in Sorrento, here at the Hotel Tramontano, here on this terrace where the Russian grand duke dispensed caviar and this afternoon the *signore* dispenses tea. We even fancy that we hear the redoubtable Mr. Pike from Kokomo, Indiana, tinkering with the motor car behind yonder trellis and assuring the world that there's sand in its gear-box.

A little over yonder to the right Maxim Gorky resides, self-banished from Soviet Russia. Some exiles have rather a good time of it. Ex-King Manuel of Portugal, who used to go to Mass with us in Twickenham, lives in a Middlesex mansion worthy of his former greatness; and here is the Russian novelist and journalist, a sort of Jack London of the steppes, now most luxuriously settled in free-aired Sorrento. Presumably he is at peace with all men. Ere coming hither he had made enemies of both the Bolsheviks and the Mensheviks, for Gorky sought for a union of all Russian revolutionists. Now he can sit at sundown and gaze upon the Island of Capri and with Mercutio repeat, "A plague on both your houses!"

Sorrento's proudest monument looms in the piazza—Torquato Tasso in enduring marble. Here in Sorrento, in 1544, that difficult genius was born. If we insist, a local guide will show us the very house, for in Italy local guides are so accommodating that they will show you anything; but as a matter of fact the poet's birthplace was long ago devoured by the insatiable sea. A man of the south, Tasso always loved Sorrento; surely it was much in his memory during those declining days when he sat beneath the oak tree in the convent grounds of Sant' Onofrio, old Rome beneath and the Alban Hills beyond. There in the capital came to this son of Sorrento the much-coveted laurel crown—the day after he had died.

The poet's effigy stands in a busy place. The shops are especially attractive with their displays of gaily colored scarves and caps, canes and corals. The staple product of Sorrento is *tarsia*, or inlaid wood, and everywhere are specimens of the art in boxes and picture frames, vanity-cases and pen-holders. The duomo across the way, like most churches in Southern Italy, is ornamental and perhaps devotional; but hardly artistically satisfying.

Very unusual, however, is the crypt in the Church of St. Antoninus. That holy abbot, you must know, is the patron saint of Sorrento whither he came in the ninth century and liked the gentle city so well that ever since he has been especially kind to its people. A statue of him in the piazza does him public honor. And in the crypt of his church we find a collection of extraordinary *ex voto* offerings. The walls are lined with pictures of ships, most of them painted, not all of them very well; and under each picture is a testimonial that on such a day of such a year that particular vessel, in imminent peril of the sea, was saved when captain and crew in-

voked the assistance of Saint Antoninus. One of them, we read, thus escaped disaster off the coast of South Carolina. That crypt is truly the heart of Sorrento, for through centuries her sons—today strolling so picturesquely the streets of the lower town—have been toilers of the sea. They fished and they fought, from the Roman days when Sorrento was known as Surrentum, through the Middle Ages when it was a walled town, to the time but a scant hundred years ago when Barbary pirates landed and took off some of the inhabitants as slaves.

And now the bells ring out gloriously from the duomo, from the Church of Sant' Antonino, from the Franciscan monastery up beyond the Cocumella, from a score of sunset-crimsoned turrets on mountainside and plain. The waters against the feet of the tall cliffs make music of their own; and presently darkness falls upon Sorrento *la gentile*.

The Bohemian Sokols

GODFREY KASPAR, S.J.

DURING the past summer, I was present at the Eighth Sokol gymnastic festivities that filled the ancient city of Prague with the most glowing enthusiasm. In the newly built stadium, over 150,000 people from all parts of Europe and America, bore testimony to the superb prowess of the young athletes. A *Tableau vivants* vividly pictured the rise and fall and the rebirth of an ancient race. Two sets of enemies were represented in the fall of the nation, the "red" and the "black." Who the "red" enemies were was not very difficult to conjecture; but as to the "black" enemies opinion was divided. In a personal interview, some of my Sokol friends emphatically denied that the Catholic Church was meant in the "black" garbed enemies of the nation. In the course of this account, I shall try to point out who these "black" enemies were.

Before leaving Europe, I had the misfortune of reading an account of the Sokol festivities in the *Herald*, of Tuam, Co. Galway, Ireland, of which Mr. R. J. Kelly, a Catholic, is editor.

"The celebrated Sokols," explains the account, no doubt a summary taken from the *Central European Observer*, an English weekly, published for propaganda purposes by the Government in Prague, at present anti-Catholic, "that vast and wonderful organization which embraces now all the Slav races and is a firm bond of friendship and solidarity amongst that intelligent and masterful race which is destined to be the leading people in all the eastern and southern countries from Constantinople to Prague . . ." My surprise rests with the first part of that statement "that vast and wonderful organization which embraces now all the Slav races and is a firm bond of friendship and solidarity. . . ." not with the latter part regarding the race as such—for it I have the noblest respect and praise.

To a casual observer and a stranger to the real facts of the past and present status of that organization—the Sokols—the statement is beyond reproach; but to a student

of mooted questions in Czechoslovakia, the remarks seem to bolster up, unconsciously no doubt, an anti-Catholic organization for "advertisement's sake."

Allow me to present a cross-section of that organization—the Sokols—as it really is and not as it is presented. I shall cull my arguments from non-Catholic authority.

An answer to the questions: "Who in reality are the Sokols?" and "What are their present day tendencies and principles?" will, I hope, give you a fairly good idea of the gymnastic organization in Czechoslovakia.

The Sokols were organized in 1871, as "a purely gymnastic international organization, excluding all religious and political contentions." Since the majority of the members at the time were Catholics, they have taken part in religious festivities and public processions. Catholic priests stood at the cradle of the newly founded organization. In the words of F. L. Reiger, the political leader of his day, the Sokols were to act as "Christian Knights, willing to give their lives for the faith and truth."

Today these words of Reiger read like a fairy tale. The Sokols in course of time absorbed the spirit of the age, drifting further and further away from their noble Christian principles and ideals. Not to antagonize the majority, the minority of the Sokols, almost unobserved, spread liberalism, freedom of thought and indifference among their members. In 1913, when atheism was visible on the surface in the land, the Sokols came forth boldly with their program as printed in the *Lidové Proudy* (1913), under the caption: "A Sokol—an Anti-christ!" "The Sokols," continues the article, "are duty bound to deal a death blow to Christianity, their bitterest enemy. Christianity is a cancerous growth sapping the vitals of humanity for nearly 2,000 years." In a similar vein the *Sokol Vestník* (1920) states: "Christianity is a Judaeo poison, which the Roman Catholics injected into our veins." Almost daily such vitriolic abuses were broadcast by the Sokols in pamphlets, books, newspapers and on the lecture platforms.

After this land of vicissitude regained its independence, the Sokols' attacks knew no bounds. They participated in the overthrow of the marble column of the Immaculate Mother in the public square in Prague; they cut down crosses at the country crossroads; they demolished the statues of St. John of Nepomuk, the martyr of the confessional. "Rome must be judged and convicted!"—"Vienna has fallen, so must Rome!"—"Only a Sokol can be a true patriot!" were cries heard on all sides.

In fact the whole situation resolves itself at present into a war against clerics and clericalism. Dr. T. G. Masaryk, the President of the Republic and a staunch Sokol, remarked: "Clericalism is Catholicism. To wage war on clericalism means a stand-up fight against the Catholic Church." In the official organ of the Sokols, Dr. Kuntovny writes:

Catholicism is purely and simply Clericalism. A loyal Catholic must be a clerical. We (Sokols) are and must ever be opposed to the Catholic Faith. A Sokol cannot be a Roman Catholic. A Sokol must always be in the front rank—hence away with Rome in the front ranks.

Lately there appeared a lengthy article in one of the Sokol magazines, appealing to the officials of the organization to give up their faith, which is "in principle and practice opposed to the principles and practices of the Sokol organization." J. Neuman, in his book entitled: "Sokol, a Free Thinker" (1921), warns the Sokols to be mindful of the condition of their forefathers, who were Hussites, "yea, pagans—hence back to paganism." A fair example of modern Bohemian culture! In the daily newspaper, *Ceské Slovo* (The Bohemian Word), we read: "An *en masse* denial of the Catholic Faith the world over will be an effective blow to the Catholic Church." Sokols have been expelled from the ranks of their organization for contributing money to Catholic churches, for partaking in religious processions, for sending their children to Catholic schools, for voting in favor of the Catholic Popular Party.

Thus we see the original international and interdenominational Sokol, "a wonderful organization which embraces now all Slav races and is such a firm bond of friendship and solidarity amongst that intelligent and masterful race," has turned out to be in fact a sorrowful group of pagans, tearing apart that firm bond of friendship and solidarity that should exist amongst that intelligent and masterful race!

In view of all these bitter attacks on their sacred heritage and feeling that their presence was no longer desired in the ranks of the Sokols, the Catholics have banded together and organized a new Christian cultural organization, called the Orel. Today they number in twenty-eight groups over 150,000 members of both sexes. They are much like the Knights of Columbus in the States. The Orels' idea is to protect the rising generation against the venomous attacks of pagan neighbors. This rapidly growing Catholic organization embittered the Sokols still more. In their attacks they resorted to vulgar and libelous defamation. In a brochure (1925), "Religion, Clericalism, Orel and Sokol," John Pellikan branded the Orels as a "nasty and a nauseating sore on the humanity of the race; the most poisonous flower of Christianity; a symbol of Austria!"

Christ taught his followers to pray in spirit and hidden from the public gaze and not in public in the market-places and on the avenues. And how do the Orels pray? In processions following a brass band, on athletic fields and in stadiums before the gaze of thousands. There was no greater blasphemy perpetrated than the Orels' cry in one of their religious processions at Brno: "May God live forever!"

I leave the above facts without comment. I need draw no conclusions regarding the actions and words of that "wonderful organization—a firm bond of friendship and solidarity!" During my two years' residence in Czechoslovakia I was a personal witness of the grave the Sokols are preparing for the faith and morals of the youths and maidens of the land. Pellikan himself states that the Sokols are developing the body to strengthen it in its "urges" to sinful desires. Every individual Sokol cannot be branded with this diatribe, but it is true of the leaders and of the organization as such, as everybody who has investigated the situation realizes.

Education

Credits For Darning

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

IF good intentions could save we Americans would be assured of our educational salvation. Our faith and hope are almost pathetic, even though we are not quite sure what we mean by education.

Many of us seem to hold it a matter of money and buildings. Every city has its "building program"; every State legislature its lobby intent on devising ways and means of raising more money for the schools. We are determined that our boys and girls shall be housed in bright and airy structures, situated whenever possible in park-like surroundings, with spacious playgrounds and gymnasiums which only the most richly endowed colleges and universities can equal. Of late years teachers are forming into groups and guilds, some of which closely resemble trade unions, and at their meetings the principle of the living-wage is discussed quite as often as topics which seem more directly pertinent to their professional status. With all this activity, the educational field resembles nothing so much as a huge ant-heap that has been disturbed, with this difference that one sometimes thinks the activity of the ants the more purposeful. We display great solicitude about buildings, although buildings do not make a school. A municipality sometimes records with pride the interesting fact that it spends twice as much on education as it did five years ago, although it is not plain that a school is improved by giving it ten dollars instead of five.

In all this pother of money and buildings and conventions and programs, one wonders what has become of Tommy and Susie. Miss Jones in 8-A does not improve the quality of her work when the Board advances her salary from \$1,800 to \$2,400. If she is a real teacher, as we may assume she is, she would give her best for \$1,200. A school is not founded by erecting a splendid building and importing a staff of highly-paid teachers. It may be a bad sign when a municipality pares its school appropriations to the lowest figure, but if bond-issues could solve the problems of education we should have few if any in this country. We spend the money and the problems remain, even after our multitudinous school-conventions, the bare catalogue of which fills an imposing pamphlet.

Writing some weeks ago for this page a contributor advanced the opinion that they do these things better in England. "In the English schools," he wrote, "games were important, but study was essential—Latin, Greek, English, history—the humanities, in brief, and a regime that put boys through a hard course and taught them at once independence and obedience." Perhaps the haze that covers the broad Atlantic distorts the vision somewhat, but in my judgment, this critic proved his point. We care very much about the *place* in which our children study, but *what* they study does not appear to be of equal importance. As Dr. R. St. Denis showed in AMERICA

some years ago, it was possible for the undergraduates of a certain western State university to obtain credits for work done in the summer vacation as railway brakemen, while the fairer sex could submit for the same purpose evidence of work in the dairy or at the sewing-machine. No doubt all these activities serve a useful purpose, but if mere utility is an acceptable academic criterion, let us gravely enroll as candidates for the baccalaureate the white-winged sweepers attached to our street-cleaning departments.

Nor should it be thought that this distortion of values has been confined to the college. Only a few weeks ago, a second-year high-school student, applying for entrance into a Catholic high school, triumphantly submitted a list of "credits" of which one was a generous allowance for "darning" and another for "expression." The institution from which this young woman came was listed "Class A" by a State which prides itself on the quality of its high schools. Another applicant from the same shrine of learning propped her academic rating a degree or two higher—or so she thought—by offering credits in "textiles" and "agriculture." I do not know how far this particular form of educational insanity has spread, but communications from teachers in many parts of the country indicate that it is not confined to a narrow tier of States. "Although we deplore the second and third-rate intellectual performance that passes all around us for adequate education," concludes Dr. Pritchett, in the current report of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, "we have as yet failed to create the conditions that will make anything else possible."

A wholly nondescript crop of "electives" has appeared that may usually be taken anywhere, in any order, for full credit in amassing the necessary number of "points" required to graduate. Thus one school of high standing requires the pupil in the junior year to study English, and directs him to choose any three subjects from the following: Latin, German, French, Spanish, physics, medieval and modern history, art, band, manual training, music, printing, stenography and typewriting, and home economics. The senior year brings political economy, chemistry, physiology, botany, journalism, and Red Cross, to swell the list from which again he makes free choice. A four-year random sampling through these lists and a low pass mark in *examinations that cover in each case solely the few weeks' work in that subject for that term* bring any youth to graduation on a par with the best. It must indeed be a sad specimen that cannot be accommodated on these conditions. (Report. 1925. p. 115. Italics inserted.)

"The curriculum is a rope of sand, without texture or organization. Effective education through related ideas is thereby sacrificed to the mere registering of information." Within the last few weeks I have talked with high-school pupils armed with "credits," from standardized high schools, in psychology, economics, English literature, French, modern history, band, agriculture, and manual training. They possessed nothing beyond the most meager information on any of these subjects; they exhibited few indications of mental discipline and none at all of culture. Left to themselves they would have declined any further connection with any institute of learning. What education they had was represented by the slips of paper called "credits" which they offered after the manner, but

not in the eager spirit, of one who hands in cigar coupons for a chafing-dish or a safety-razor.

"The product of our public schools for thirty years," writes Bruno Lessing in the New York *American* for September 28, "has very bad taste in literature, judging by the most popular books; has very bad manners, judging by the behavior of the average American crowd; and has very little sense, judging by modern politics and modern economics." In the main Mr. Lessing agrees with Dr. Pritchett, and fears that conditions must grow much worse before they begin to improve. As Dr. Pritchett sadly observes, education is rightfully conceived to be for those who can learn and who wish to learn. But, as I pointed out some years ago, we Americans conceive it to be for all, irrespective of ability or desire; and since credits are required we thoughtfully provide courses which our boys and girls can complete by using, if they lack brains, their hands and feet. For any credit is as good as any other credit—and easier to get.

Years ago I knew a teacher who when asked why he suffered the boys to throw all their books out of the window, replied that they had refused to do anything else. His philosophy is at the basis of the "wholly nondescript crop of electives" that constitutes the typical American high-school curriculum. But it is not so foolish as it looks; it is devised to meet a common emergency. When Tommy declines to study Latin he can elect a course in automobile construction and should Susie find mathematics a strain upon the nerves, let her darn.

Sociology

The Right to Vote

JOHN J. RYAN

THIS matter is again called to the attention of the readers of AMERICA through an article appearing in the issue for September 11, 1926, entitled "An Australian Measure."

The author seems not to have forsaken a conviction that he has heretofore expressed to the effect that the right to vote in this country is not an inherent right but a privilege conferred by the various sovereign States. In the article mentioned above he says, in referring to an article published over his signature in AMERICA in July, 1925: "I also suggested tentatively that the right to vote from being, as at present, a right of *very easy acquirement* be made a *right of defeasibility*."

It will not be contended by this writer that the American colonists, or even their immediate descendants, fully realized all the benefits that accrued to them or would accrue to succeeding generations of American citizens through the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. That the rank and file of early American citizenship should not have fully appreciated the value and effect of many of the principles laid down in that memorable document is not surprising, especially in view of the fact that some of the courts of the country did not immediately grasp the full import of the same declarations.

The hazy influence of old institutions hung lazily and fog-like about them, preventing a full, clear view of the new. In the adoption of the new system of government, it is not at all surprising that the courts should have leaned a little on the old until they were more sure of their footing in the new. Nor should we unduly criticize them, if, at first, they could not shake themselves entirely clear of traditions centuries old. Under the influence of old institutions, some of the courts of the country did decide that the right to vote was not a natural right—that the elective franchise was a right by the States conferred.

The progress of popular opinion in regard to this matter can best be traced through the changes wrought in the fundamental law. The passage of the fifteenth amendment to the Federal Constitution was a belated recognition by the American people that the Negro citizen was entitled to the right to vote. This amendment was not a grant by the States of the right to the Negro, but a recognition that the right already existed in him—for mark the words of the amendment; "the right . . . shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or any State. . . ." The very wording of the amendment is its own recognition and the recognition of the people of the United States that the right previously existed in the Negro citizen. Had a grant been necessary to invest the Negro with the right, then the words of the amendment would have been words of grant and not words of recognition. The very wording of the amendment indicates most clearly that the right of the Negro to vote is not a conferred right or privilege but a right existent independent of governmental grace or indulgence and hence an inherent right.

The nineteenth amendment providing for woman suffrage is couched in the very same language. How might a right be denied if it did not already exist? How might a right be abridged if it did not already exist? Were not the people of the United States fully acquainted with the fact that every State Constitution in the Union confined the elective franchise to "male citizens over twenty-one years of age"? If, in the opinion of the people, the confinement of the right to vote to "male citizens over twenty-one years of age" did not constitute a denial of an already existing right of the female citizen to vote, then why were not words of grant used in the framing of the nineteenth amendment?

We find, too, that the courts that have of late years discussed this question have come to take a clearer view of the nature of a citizen's right to vote. Justice Marshall of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, in the case of *State v. Phelps*, 144 Wis. 1; 128 N. W. 1041; 35 L. R. A. (NS) 353, decided in 1910, after noting various court holdings which showed that the respective courts had reasoned "from the prevailing ideas and conditions prior to 1776" comments quite trenchantly upon the view that the right to vote is not a natural or inherent right:

Error has often had the most distinguished of supporters. If it were true that error could be sanctified by mere weight of numbers or ability of its advocates, and given the character of infallible truth by the mere force of repetition, then the idea

that the right to vote is not a right at all, except in the sense of a creature of the law—that it has no inherent quality—would long ago have taken such deep root that no one, much less a court, would hardly venture to make an effort to dislodge it.

Had the all-pervading concept of the declaration which marked the change to our system of constitutional liberty been from the first given the dignity that it commanded and has latterly received, instead of being regarded as in the nature of rhetorical embellishment, or a sort of apostrophe to something sentimental rather than real, the very ideas which it was designed to entrench as fundamental law would not have been somewhat lost sight of.

Formerly, in general conception, there were no rights, strictly so called. There were privileges which came, directly or indirectly, by grace from sovereign authority. *That was the crowning mischievous chief of the Colonial period which was sought to be removed.* Hence, at the start, things essential to our welfare which had been enjoyed so far as enjoyed at all, as privileges, were claimed as inherent rights, only surrenderable by the people, or subject to limitation by them by fundamental law. There the standard was reared of a new era, *one of inherent rights instead of sovereign graces.* To emphasize and make that clear, it was declared that all men are "endowed with certain inalienable rights," specifying some, but not attempting to specify them all. . . . *Thus is given the right to vote a dignity not less than any other of many fundamental rights.* So it has been rightly said by judicial writers: It "is a right which the law protects and enforces as jealously as it does property in chattels or lands. . . . The law maintains and vindicates" it "as vigorously as it does any right of any kind which men may have and enjoy." It is commonly referred to as a sacred right of the highest character, and then again, at times, as a mere privilege—a something of such inferior nature that it may be made "the football of party politics." We subscribe to the former view, placing the right of suffrage upon the high plane of removal from the field of mere legislative material impairment. . . .

The same court, Justice Winslow writing the opinion, in the case of *Nunnemacher v. State*, 129 Wis. 190; 108 N. W. 627; 9 L. R. A. (NS) 121, decided in 1906 (and which opinion will fully repay the student for reading) discusses the question of inherent rights, particularly property rights (but their discussion is equally applicable to the right of the citizen to vote). The court says:

Under our system the Government is the creature of the people; the product of a social compact. The people, in full possession of liberty and property, come together and create a Government to protect themselves, their liberty and their property. The Government which they create becomes their agent; the officers their servants. . . . Our theory is that the people, in full possession of inalienable rights, form the Government to protect those rights. . . .

That there are inherent rights existing in the people prior to the making of any of our Constitutions is a fact recognized and declared by the Declaration of Independence, and by substantially every State Constitution. Our own Constitution says in its very first article: ". . . To secure these rights Governments are instituted among men. . . ." Notice the language, "to secure these (inherent) rights Governments are instituted"; not to manufacture new rights or to confer them on its citizens but to conserve and secure to its citizens the exercise of pre-existing rights.

It is extremely difficult to understand how, without the right to give consent, that is, without the right to vote—a group of people can gather and effectively form a Government such as ours. Such collective action on the part of the unorganized group certainly required that the individuals composing the group should vote—should give

their consent—before a Government could be established. From whence came their right to vote in order that they might establish a free Government, if it did not attach to them by virtue of their existence as human beings? It is apparent then that if we concede that the Government was formed, that the right to vote in forming it was a right enjoyed prior to the formation of the Government and must be an inherent right. It cannot be classified otherwise.

The Supreme Court of Wisconsin has fully disclosed the falsity of the argument that seeks to place unreasonable limitation upon the right of the American citizen to vote (further limitation than that already imposed is unreasonable) and when the principle laid down by that court is fully understood there will be less reason for regarding the "Australian measure" as anything but an undesirable addition to American law.

Note and Comment

Mission Dolores
Sesquicentennial

It's not often that a parish jubilee, even a sesquicentennial, takes on the splendor of a civic function let alone that it commands nation-wide attention. But during the days, October 9-12, this is to be the almost unique privilege of the parish of Mission Dolores, San Francisco, of which the Rev. John W. Sullivan is pastor. A century and a half in western United States spells almost antiquity, for the great stretch of territory beyond the Rockies is even now new country. Yet even while the Colonies were proclaiming Independence in 1776 Franciscan friars were laying the foundations of the present city of San Francisco in the establishment near the Golden Gate of a mission commemorative of Our Lady's Sorrows. It is the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of this event that is now being commemorated with solemn civic and religious ceremonies. With few alterations necessitated by the passage of time the primitive adobe mission remains, with its adjoining cemetery wherein lie buried Spanish dons and Indian peons and early California governors. Alongside, raised high above the mission belfry with its chimes that still call the Faithful to Mass and evening prayers, towers the splendid modern parish church and across the way stands out the magnificent college conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame. The coming celebration is to be honored not only by the presence of His Grace the Archbishop, Most Rev. Dr. Hanna, and other western prelates, but, in addition, by the Cardinal Archbishop of New York who will celebrate Pontifical Mass on the opening day, and by the recently installed Archbishop of Portland, Most Rev. Edward W. Howard, who will preach. En route to the Coast Cardinal Hayes will install one of his own New York "boys," the Right Rev. John J. Mitty, in the episcopal See of Salt Lake. The pomp and display that will mark the San Francisco ceremonies will of course be in striking contrast to the simplicity that attended the founding of the Mission but it will be a well-merited tribute to the

Franciscan pioneers who amid hardships and privations planted Christ's cross on our western shores, building even better than they knew.

In the Wake of
the Norge Flight

SO outstanding was the event itself, that the mere accomplishment of the airship Norge in reaching the North Pole made individual details of the newspaper reports matters of negligible importance to many readers. It is worthy of notice in Catholic circles, however, that the remarkable flight did more than mark an unprecedented step in scientific progress—it provided a measure of gratification for the Faithful in the isolated Alaskan fields that they will not soon forget. The courtesy of the dirigible's crew made it possible for the Catholic Eskimos to transmit their assurance of fidelity and loyalty to the Holy Father in Rome, who received members of the expedition on their return, and was presented, by Colonel Nobile, with a crucifix which the Eskimos had carved from the tusk of a walrus. The Sovereign Pontiff promised to give expression of his gratitude through a direct message to his distant children. We read also in the *Pilgrim* that Colonel Nobile brought with him from Rome a letter to the Jesuit missionaries in Alaska from their Very Reverend General, Father Ledochowski, who commended him to the hospitality of the Fathers. Their reception, the Colonel admitted, was one of the charming features of his stop in the Northern country.

The Church and
The Sesquicentennial

WITHIN the past month, Philadelphia has celebrated three notable Catholic events in connection with its Sesquicentennial anniversary. The first was the production of the pageant "Constancy" at the Metropolitan Opera House under the auspices of the American Catholic Historical Society. It was a spectacular presentation of the part that Catholics played in winning American freedom. It opened with a scene in which Charles Carroll, signer of the Declaration of Independence, announced the glad tidings of liberty to his tenants; presented a glorious picture of the court of France promising help to Franklin, and ended with an hilarious scene, in which some 1200 people were participants, of the reception given to the French officers after the surrender of the British at Yorktown. The text was written by Rev. John F. Burns, O.S.A., of Villanova College, and the cast recruited from the best Catholic dramatic talent in the city. In the following week, Holy Cross College of Worcester, Mass., achieved a notable scholastic triumph by the presentation of Euripides' Hecuba in the original Greek. The collegians had already presented the tragedy in Worcester last May. By invitation of the Sesquicentennial directors, they gave three brilliant performances in the stadium before several thousand people. The play was presented with minute fidelity to the original Greek spirit and practice. The chant and movement of the chorus was a poem even for those who could not under-

stand the words. The characters preserved the statuesque quality of the Greek actor and spoke their lines not only with admirable accuracy, as anyone who followed the Greek text knows, but also with a complete mastery of their interpretation. It was a distinct triumph for Catholic education. The third and greatest of the Catholic events at the Sesquicentennial, and perhaps one of the most notable Catholic events in Philadelphia history, was the open-air Mass celebrated by his Eminence, Cardinal Dougherty in the Stadium on October 3. Details of this magnificent manifestation of Catholic faith must be reserved for our issue of next week.

Altogether
"Old-Fashioned"

IN this age of small families, selfish living, early debility and other elements hostile to longevity, the distinction "old-fashioned" seems well applied to the French family of whom our Roman correspondent makes note. In Lacappelle-Bleys, in Aveyron, there are eight members of the Caussanel family, whose ages range from seventy-two to ninety-one years. Francis, aged ninety-one, was long mayor of the town, and, still active, works in the hay-fields; Frederic, eighty-seven, was formerly Vicar-General of the diocese and Director of the Seminary of Meaux; Mary, eighty-four, is a Sister of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, stationed at Clichy; Eugene, eighty-two, is the father of eight children; Joseph, aged seventy-eight, is a member of the Congregation of the Mission; Adrian, seventy-six, is a Jesuit missionary in Tuticorin, India. The next in order, Jerome, has not yet found bachelorhood irksome, although he has lived in that state for seventy-four years. And the youngest of the family, Emily, who is seventy-two, is, like her sister, a Daughter of Charity, and is stationed at Toulouse. In further contrast with so many families of the world, the religious spirit of this remarkable family is not the least worthy of notice with five of the eight children consecrated to the service of God.

CONSEQUENCES

It is important that You came and died;
You might have paid our debt in Nazareth
And gone away, and rested satisfied
To leave us our monopoly of death.

How should we lift a cradle up on high,
What cloud of heaven point to as Your bed?
We who can show this hill, against this sky,
Where You were hanged, and all men saw You, dead.

Your cross commands the cross-roads of the world,
Your death makes death a door that was a prison,
And, crowning wonder over all unfurled,
Except You died, how could You be arisen?

Except You died, while horror smote the sun,
You had not said, of all Your words, this word—
"Father, forgive them!"—Lucifer, undone,
Well might have wept, as lost in hell he heard.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C.S.C.

Literature

Review of Some Books I Have Never Read

WILLIAM WALSH

A PROFESSIONAL book reviewer would probably be ashamed to make such a humiliating confession in print. For it is one of the fashionable or at least popular superstitions of these enlightened times that critics read the works on which they pronounce judgment, although it would be impossible, manifestly, for some of them to swallow so much printer's ink, let alone digest it; and their infallible conclusions, whether delivered *ex cathedra* between the covers of a magazine or dribbled out more intimately in the sophisticated columns of the daily press, guide many readers who otherwise would not know how to select their books, and give others ammunition for glib conversation on works they have never seen. And yet a busy critic gets through only a small percentage of the vast number of pages that float on the bubble of his praise or sink under the weight of his anathema, or worse still, wither away in the dark abyss of his silence. And pray why should he? Why should a critic, who for all his assurance is one of the lowliest of God's creatures dedicated to literature, a mere scavenger on the perilous battlefield of letters, why should such a fellow be expected to perform the impossible? as if a critic were a conjurer, and a book a rabbit in a two-quart hat.

There are people, heaven help them, who laboriously eat their way through every book that is commended by the reviewers as the last word in literature. From this penance, fortunately, the reviewers themselves are spared, though it may well be that poetic justice in Hell or Purgatory compels bad critics to read from cover to cover all the books they have ever praised or condemned. However, as this world goes, there is no reason why the arbiters of letters should subject themselves to such rigors. To put the matter on a mundane footing, a man who knows anything about horses can tell without riding a steed that he will have an uncomfortable or an unsafe mount; and if he does not trust his instinct, the more fool he. Nor is it necessary to live with a business associate to find out whether he is decent, interesting, honest or intelligent. He carries the story on his face, just as a book—well, no, a book cannot be judged by its cover, true enough; but oftentimes it can be judged by its advertising.

If the author has a friend in the world, it is surely the fellow who hawks his wares for him in the public prints. And if we cannot like a man on reading what his friends say in his favor, his flatterers, mind you, who shall censure us, who shall accuse us of prejudice, if we give him a wide berth? When one of the intelligentsia says, "You should read this work, or you are not an intelligent person," I cannot help thinking of him who said, "Think as I think, or you are a toad," and of the other who replied, "I'd rather be a toad." But Lord Bacon, that

prince of intellect and bankrupt of honor and gratitude, knew better; he recognized, though in a somewhat limited degree, the inalienable right of a reader or even of a critic to judge and condemn a book on *ex parte* testimony. He said that some books were made to be tasted merely; others to be swallowed; and still others to be digested. His Lordship might have added, without doing much violence to the truth, that some can be distinguished from a distance by their smell. Like the civet, they need not be seen to be appreciated.

During the sleepy vacuum between Mass and Sunday dinner, I sometimes glance over the book advertisements in the reviewers' sections of the newspapers in an effort to learn what I should read to pass myself off as a person of intelligence. The picture of a cave man dragging a lady by the hair I pass by, for I have heard that such works are intended for boarding school girls, and adults with the mentality of a child of nine.

And here is "The Swinging Caravan," by Achmed Abdullah, advertised as "a book the lover of the exotic will embrace." Fair enough; if you do not like the exotic you need not embrace it, or even shake hands with it. I read his last book, "Shackled" and liked a little of it. He writes powerfully at times, but too often with affectation. It is a pity that so able a writer should ape the stuttering epicene style of those who endeavor to show that they are emancipated and modern by casting syntax to the winds, very much as certain French revolutionists tried to prove that there was no God by dispensing with breeches.

"A Man Under Authority," a new book by Miss Ethel M. Dell, is "exactly the kind of a story," one learns, "which made Miss Dell's books best sellers." What's next? "Sleeping Dogs. \$2.00. At all bookshops." What's this, what's this? Sleeping Dogs for \$2.00, at all bookshops? Oh, only another new book. "Husbands tired of restless wives and wives tired of stuffy husbands will chuckle over this story," confides the advertising man. The world moves, apparently. Time was when the restless husbands used to get tired of the stuffy wives; a generation ago that was the theme of many a play and many a novel, but now that our sisters have the ballot, I suppose all that nonsense has been done away with. Restless wives—I just heard my wife walking about with the baby upstairs. I wonder is she getting restless. And after dinner I must remember to ask her whether I am any stuffier than I was ten years ago.

Here is a book highly recommended by "the finest minds in the country": "Why We Behave Like Human Beings," by Dr. Dorsey. The advertising man says it is a "new, exciting, and entirely different book about ourselves." That must be good; perhaps it tells us how to be ourselves. And yet, if only we could forget ourselves altogether for a little while, that is the difficult thing. To think only of others, to forget our petty vanities and discomforts. Still, this ought to be interesting: "Why we behave like human beings." On second thought it might be more interesting to find out why so many people do not behave like human beings. But the book is recom-

mended by the best minds in the country: *Heywood Brown* and *Hendrik Van Loon*. No, thank you, I do not believe I'll have time to read that one this year.

It is a good thing that Booth Tarkington can write only one or two novels a year; too much power in the hands of one man would be dangerous. "Forty-three thousand households have been revolutionized by the publication of Booth Tarkington's 'Women'" cries an advertisement. "At a thousand tea-tables indignation seethes against Mr. Tarkington's frank and malicious amusingness . . . this preposterously clever novel." I wonder who wrote that advertisement? A woman, probably; no man would be clever enough to conjure up such a provocative combination of words as "amusing maliciousness" and "cleverly preposterous"—or is it the other way around? There is something peculiar about this advertisement. As I watch it the adverbs and adjectives get up and walk around the page like panthers in a circus sniffing at the bars for a loophole of escape. "Preposterously amusing," "maliciously preposterous," "cleverly malicious,"—after all, what is the difference?—"cleverly preposterously amusing maliciousness," that is what is making all the tea-tables seeth with indignation, and forty-three thousand homes boil over with red rebellion.

I am beginning to change my mind about its being a woman who wrote the advertisement. Had it been a woman, she would not have been content with giving the round numbers; she would have given the exact number of homes revolutionized, as 43,298; for women are more conscientious than men, particularly in affairs of this kind, and never lie unless they have some good reason for doing so. It would be just like a man to toss off the round number, 43,000, as if 298 homes flaming with revolution, or perhaps 297 homes and a bedroom with a kitchenette ditto, were a mere trifle. But as for me, if that is the influence this book is having, let me clip the advertisement out of the paper before my wife sees it. Things are going well enough in this household as they are.

"For the open mind," another advertisement recommends "Tolerance," by Hendrik Willem Van Loon; a better historian, says the blurb writer, than H. G. Wells. Heaven deliver Mr. Van Loon from his friends, if they are going to damn him with such faint praise as this; for it is becoming fairly well known even among the more intelligent of our Nordic friends that Mr. Wells is not an historian, but a hard-working novelist who has dabbled a little in history and religion, most entertainingly in the *history* of prehistoric times and most fervently in the religion of humanity, at whose altar he burns his incense. And so, for that matter, does Mr. Van Loon. He too wrote a history in which he gave a detailed account of the doings of the human race in the period of which nobody has any record except a few drawings in caves and a few handfuls of bones which may or may not be human. I often wonder, does he laugh at the people who read it? Does he really believe it himself? What would he think, if some solemn-eyed professor gave to the world a book on "The History of the Spanish in North America Be-

fore the Landing of Columbus"? Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Belloc and others have proved conclusively that this sort of "history" is the merest twaddle. But twaddle is like witch-grass in a garden—it is so much more stubborn than flowers or vegetables that you have to keep hoeing it out forever if you wish to raise anything useful or beautiful.

However, I ought not to say very much about Mr. Van Loon's "Story of Mankind"; I have read only a few pages of it here and there, and I shall not have much time for fiction until I get caught up on the history of the last four thousand years.

What a drowsy day it is. While I am waiting for dinner I may as well sleep for an hour. "One Hour and Forever"—the words in black type leap at me from the cluttered page. Sleep forever? I hope not, not yet. I hope I shall have time to do a great deal more penance before I am summoned to my accounting. And if I must go, let it be after a good dinner rather than before. No, I shall stay awake. Besides, I have made an error. "One Hour and Forever" is not an omen, but the title of a book. The Brooklyn *Eagle* calls it "the most ecstatic and passionate glorification of 100 per cent love." What ho!—these are the good old Nordic days, everything at least 100 per cent pure. Even love, which was marked down to 98 cents after Christmas, is back at par—

But at that moment, I fear, I fell asleep. It is very tiresome, reviewing all these books.

REVIEWS

Adventures in Editing. By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE. New York: D. Appleton and Company. \$2.50.

Fashions in magazines change quite as frequently and as radically as they do in dress. New editors conceive new policies, the reading public, which is a guide to the successful editor, grows restless with what is familiar and demands original features. Editing a magazine is, therefore, a venture and an adventure. This has been particularly true during the past quarter of a century, precisely during the period in which Mr. Towne has been adventuring in editing. His reminiscences make attractive reading, and that for several reasons. The most cogent of these, undoubtedly, is the fact that Mr. Towne is what he is, an editor who is human and tolerant and perspicacious. He has other qualities, certainly, that appeal to the reader of his volume, but those enumerated are an index to the pleasantness of his book as they are to his success as an editor. He is so human that he can still grow enthusiastic over the contacts he has had with the contemporary literary celebrities. Of these there are many, for he has been associated with the *Cosmopolitan*, under John Brisben Walker, the *Smart Set*, the Butterick publications, *McClure's* and other magazines. Quite a few of the famous authors of the day he claims to have discovered; that indicates his perspicacity and also his tolerant spirit. One of his greatest thrills, he confesses, each time that he examines the manuscripts submitted, is that he may discover a new writer of promise. He is thus a refutation to the charge that all editors of magazines accept the work of only the experienced and well-known authors. Even in the course of these recollections, Mr. Towne does not disdain to encourage the young writer and to offer him hints on writing and selling his work. Where there is true talent, there must be eventual recognition of that talent in the magazine acceptance. This would seem to be most certainly true in the magazines of which Mr. Towne has had the direction. In a large way, this narrative is a personal record, and very delightful, too, of the recent literary history of New York.

F. X. T.

Acoma, the Sky City. By MRS. WILLIAM T. SEDGWICK. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. \$4.00.

If we are ever to have the complete story of the people of Acoma, the chapters must be gathered now. Acoma was one of the first places visited by white men who were exploring what today is New Mexico. Its position, 6500 feet above sea level, gained for it the name of the "marvelous crag." Acoma belongs to the most numerous of the six linguistic groups of the Pueblo Indians. The author in writing her book has followed the Acomas from their origin through their first contacts with the Spaniards under Coronado, their conquest by Zaldevar, their new life under Father Ramirez's apostolate, down to their position as wards of the Federal Government. The days of the genuine life of the pueblo seem to be numbered. The children of today will not be as their fathers, and many of the sacred memories and secret traditions will pass forever with the present generation. Phases of pueblo life may linger; in fact many a dying custom and ceremonial dance may be rejuvenated with the transfused blood of commercial inducements. But the soul and spirit of the genuine life of the pueblo is passing. The book is a compilation of scattered and all too meager data relating to the life and history of the people of Acoma. In her own defense, Mrs. Sedgwick should have emphasized more the difficulties of gathering data, due to the strange aloofness of the Indian, who is quick to regard even a gracious inquiry as still another intrusion of the white man. Let us hope that the author may yet discover some hidden key to unlock the secrets of Acoma. Her fine enthusiasm, and high regard for that ancient silent people, entitle her to that good fortune. An atmosphere of mysticism pervades both the place and the people. Mrs. Sedgwick seems naturally gifted with kindred powers of interpretation. If the people of Acoma only knew, they would have in her a chronicler to tell their story of ancient years with reverence and devotion.

J. A. R.

Seventy Years a Showman. By "LORD" GEORGE SANGER. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.00.

The Circus Lady. By JOSEPHINE DE MOTT ROBINSON. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$2.50.

Even in sedate maturity there is something of the child in all of us. This is strikingly brought out when the circus comes to town. The great tent, the quaintly liveried performers, the be-spangled ladies, the clowns, to say nothing of the freaks, the jugglers and tumblers, the side-shows and the menagerie, somehow all amuse old age even as they fascinate and amaze the kiddies. Accordingly one anticipates keen pleasure even in reading about circus-folk and their vicissitudes. And the present volumes will hardly disappoint that expectation. Their author's names both stand out in the history of the profession, the one an Englishman, the other a woman of French descent and training but intimately associated with American tent performances. Each writes out of the abundance of the heart for both are in love with their subject. Sanger's book though a reprint of a 1910 publication, has lost none of its original freshness; in fact its antiquity gives it an added value. Mrs. Robinson's volume is altogether new. Both are autobiographic yet decidedly different in treatment. In general both let the reader into many of the "mysteries" of circus life,—into its commonplaces, its routine, its dangers, its joys and its tragedies. For the rest they differ. As "Josie De Mott," Mrs. Robinson was one of the most noted equestriennes in the ring. Of a family of circus stars she was trained to riding almost from infancy and while she retired some years after her marriage to Charles Robinson, a name also familiar on the old billboards, she staged a remarkable come-back fifteen years later that added new glory to her early triumphs. Much of her story is concerned with horsemanship; the circus, as such, is only its setting. But she has some very instructive reflections on the vast difference between circus people and the general public; "gillies" they are called. "Lord" Sanger's story is more interesting. He was not only a performer but an owner. His volume is rich in anecdotes

and gives the reader a comprehensive sketch of the development of the circus from the simple "peep-shows" which he and his father used to run. He lets us into the secrets of the "freaks" and other circus attractions, tells us how the animals are trained and spins yarns of other famous showmen. Both Sanger and "Josie De Mott" had their circus triumphs honored by more than one royal personage and Sanger pleasantly recalls that in Rome he received the unique honor of two visits from His Holiness Pope Pius IX. Kenneth Grahame writes a delightful introduction to his volume.

W. I. L.

Sutter's Gold. By BLAISE CENDRARS. Translated from the French by Henry Longan Stuart. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

An air of romanticism hovers about all pioneering. There is adventure in trail-blazing, especially when crowned with success. In the annals of California Johann August Sutter was a pioneer trail-blazer. When the Golden State had scarcely more significance for easterners than Senegambia, this Swiss emigrant, an outlaw from home and an unsuccessful roustabout first in New York and later in the Ohio Valley, caravaned across the prairies and, pitching his tent on the other side of the Rockies, founded on the edge of what is now the Sacramento Valley, a little colony and trading post which he called "New Helvetia," mostly made up of Kanakas from Hawaii and half-breed natives. The accidental discovery of gold on a creek that skirted the miles of acreage which the Mexican Governor allotted Sutter to cultivate, of a sudden made his name world-famous. With plentiful embellishments suggested by an excellent imagination, the Frenchman, Blaise Cendrars, himself something of a vagabond, has dramatically and colorfully depicted the Swiss-American's spectacular career, and Henry Longan Stuart has translated his volume into very choice English. It is a good fairy tale for adults. As an historical narrative, however, it will scarcely warrant critical review. Notable inaccuracies will be readily recognized by readers familiar with Bancroft, Hittell and later California historians, though its basic facts are substantially correct. The attractiveness of the book is greatly enhanced by the artistic workmanship of Harry Cimino who decorates its pages through his favorite medium, wood-blocks.

W. F. C.

Keats. By H. W. GARROD. New York: Oxford University Press, American Branch. \$2.00.

It is agreeable to find a critic of the authority of Professor Garrod enunciating opinions similar to one's own in regard to the pretentious and much-praised volumes of the late Amy Lowell on Keats. With more plain-speaking than a lesser critic would employ, Professor Garrod considers the work defective in scholarship, in perspective, in interpretation, as well as prolix in style. His own volume, certainly, suffers from none of these defects. It consists of an essay that dispenses with chapter heads and indicated divisions; it is selective rather than an attempt to be exhaustive, for, as he states pungently, "where I did not feel that I had anything to say I have said nothing. If everybody did the same, there would be, if not better criticism, at any rate less." So strictly does he adhere to his rule that he has omitted all discussion of "Endymion." Accordingly, what he has felt himself called on to say is well worth consideration. His concern is, primarily, with the mind of Keats and with the origins of his poetry. It was a weakness in Keats that he had aspirations towards being a philosophic poet, or even a thoughtful one, that he was slightly interested in politics and republicanism, or that he ever descended to realism. His gift was pure romanticism and the recording of what his five senses experienced. The greater part of the essay is devoted to a discussion and a rigorous analysis of the Odes, not only in their content but even more in their technique. The scholarship of this dissertation is evidenced by the fact that it had its origin in a series of lectures delivered from the Chair of Poetry at Oxford.

F. X. T.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The Uplift of the Soul.—Most men lead a very drab existence with a very limited horizon. However it is the commonplaces of life that often generate the most sublime thoughts and stimulate the noblest emotions. In such matter-of-fact things as sand, rags, salt, fish, dead vines, etc., the Rev. Hugh Francis Blunt finds occasion for much profitable spiritual reflection. He garlands these thoughts together in a little volume of refreshing Catholic essays entitled "Homely Spirituals" (Macmillan. \$1.50). While it will serve the earnest Christian for reading and meditation the literary merit of the volume suggests it as an excellent book for illustrating a distinctive type of the modern essay which Catholic college teachers may well recommend for collateral reading in their courses on the English "Essay."

There is also plentiful and solid material for profitable meditation in "The True Life" (Herder. \$1.25), translated by Isabel Garahan from the German of the Rev. Franz Rummer, and described in its subtitle as a little book on Grace. It offers thoughts on the life of God in the heart of the Christian which while deeply theological are clothed in the clearest and simplest language, easily within the grasp even of beginners in the interior life.

Universal condemnation of sixteenth century monasteries is still not uncommon despite such apologetes as Montalambert and Gasquet. "A Mirror For Monks" (Benziger. \$1.25), from the pen of the pious Ludovicus Blosius and edited by Dom Roger Hudleston, O.S.B., evidences the ideals and principles that were held up to the aspiring monk. Modern Religious and even lay-folk will profit by its reflections since it brings together in an attractive way all the precepts of the spiritual life and all the counsels that lead men to perfection.

What goes on at Lourdes is a source of perpetual gratitude to the Blessed Virgin on the part of Catholics. Dr. A. Marchand has edited the account of the cures registered at the Medical Bureau of Lourdes, 1923-1925, under the title "Les Faits de Lourdes" (Paris: Téqui. 12 fr.) Facts on more than two dozen interesting and well authenticated cures are collated.

"Pour Persévérer" (Quebec: Villa Manrese.) by R. P. Archambault, S.J., offers an abundance of consoling and helpful thoughts on the great virtue of perseverance in well doing. Primarily prepared as counsels for the laity who are accustomed to make annual retreats its scope makes it equally practical for others, treating as it does such topics as Prayer, Mass, Communion, Family Life, Parochial Spirit, Spiritual Reading, etc.

A paper-bound issue of "Keep the Gate" (Benziger. 25c.), by Joseph M. Williams, S.J., puts this volume of spiritual anecdotes which were favorably reviewed in these columns on their first publication, within the reach of a larger circle of readers. Originally written for reading during retreat time it should prove fruitful at any season.

Unnecessary Biography.—Fact and fiction are freely interwoven in a popular and informal sketch by R. F. Dibble of Allah's great prophet, the founder of Mohammedanism. While some may find "Mohammed" (Viking Press. \$3.00), diverting, it can hardly be said that it contains new facts or gives new interpretations or clears up any of the old problems about the one-time insignificant Arabian merchant who made himself the prophet, priest and king of Islam. Mr. Dibble is concerned mainly with Mohammed's personality, not with his mission; even in discussing the man stress is laid upon his private rascality and sensuality rather than on his public career. Incidentally, if the author scoffs at the prophet, as he does, Christian readers will note that he scoffs equally at them and their creeds and practices. As for Catholicism when he has occasion to touch upon it he is usually irreverent and flippant: at times, he is even calumnious.

During the last hundred years more than one South American adventurer has risen to the presidency of a republic. Paul Burgess in "Justo Rufino Barrios" (Dorrance. \$3.00), writes

the biography of the first of these upstarts in the history of Guatemala. While he cannot approve of much that Barrios did, at least his liberalism, that is, his anti-clericalism, makes him a hero to his author. Yet even the casual student of history knows that Barrios was neither a lover of virtue nor of his country. True, for a time he was President of the Republic of Guatemala but he evidenced no qualities of statesmanship and little political sagacity. One suspects that admiration for Barrios' policy has led his biographer also to misrepresent the Church, the Hierarchy and Religious Orders. There are passages in the book that lead one to infer either Mr. Burgess' ignorance of history or his prejudice against Catholicism; either of which faults must disqualify him from being regarded a trustworthy guide.

For years, Harry K. Thaw has been in the public eye. An unsavory murder put him there and after twenty years he revives the nasty affair in "The Traitor" (Dorrance. \$2.00), written not to justify himself but in a spirit of revenge toward an enemy. One wonders to whom it will recommend itself. Apart from the fact that it lacks all literary value, it will prove too incomplete for readers who are unfamiliar with Thaw's career while for those who know him it offers little that his trial did not bring out and which most of them would not rather forget.

The Spirit of the Liturgy.—The Church in her liturgy speaks and acts. She speaks by proclaiming her belief and expressing the sentiments with which her heart as the Spouse of Christ is filled, by manifesting her immortal hopes, her transports of love. She acts by applying to souls the benefits of Redemption. The liturgy is the vital expression of the Church's worship. For every Christian then it should have an intense spiritual significance. A great deal of information about it is given in a small space in "The Spirit of the Liturgy" (Collegeville, Minnesota: The Liturgical Press. 35c.), translated from the Italian of Abbot Immanuelo Caronti, O.S.B., by Virgil Michel, O.S.B. After laying down some general notions and principles, there is a discussion of the liturgical spirit both as an exercise of piety and as a norm of life. The little volume makes very profitable reading.

Attendance at Holy Mass without quite understanding its significance and especially its ceremonies is not uncommon. To help the Faithful to realize the value of the daily Sacrifice and to appreciate the beauty of its rites, Rev. J. E. Moffatt, S.J., the author of the popular "Thy Kingdom Come Series," has published "The Morning Sacrifice" (Benziger. 15c.). It is a brief, popular explanation of the more important features of the Mass, illustrated with very appropriate pictures.

Poets of Promise.—The laudable plan of Dorrance and Company, Philadelphia, of publishing volumes of verse by relatively unknown but ambitious poets meets with dubious success in the three volumes recently issued. In the first, "Von Lohr and other Poems," by Alonzo Brown, the author shows a mature and religious viewpoint and a facility in handling verse; but the latter quality is marred by a sameness of metrical form. The obvious fault is a lack of clarity, and sometimes of charity.

In "Pandora and other Poems," by Agnes Yarnall, the long title-poem deals with a well-developed and original version of the legend of Pandora's box. The remaining verses offer a somewhat glowing description of nature, and some love messages: the beauty of these, however, is cold, and the desires of love are too often tinged with despair. In her next work, the author should improve upon trite diction and avoid circumlocutions in metrical exigencies.

The last and poorest volume, "Flotsam and other Poems," by Clara Miehme, is a collection of "newspaper verse" containing much rhymed encouragement and heart-to-heart talks: as "For we've got to go fifty-fifty in Life's grand big Jubilee." Like similar books on the market, it ought to sell by the thousands.

The Connoisseur. The Golden Dancer. Dread Dwelling. The Door With Seven Locks. Lief the Lucky. The Horton Twins.

Though Walter de la Mare writes prose, he remains the poet. And though he addresses himself to the adult, he speaks with the same accents that make him the premier teller of fairy-tales for children. "The Connoisseur" (Knopf. \$2.50) is a collection of serious and somewhat tragic short-stories. They are philosophic and thoughtful, and they have, each of them, a good plot. But only an acute mind can grasp the significance of the plot or even discover it, for its details are shrouded and its denouement is merely hinted at. In "Missing," for example, one can surmise that the narrator is a murderer, and in "Pretty Poll," one cannot settle definitely the implications of the parrot who sang and swore. The stories have not that blunt finality which satisfies the less delicate intellect. Their narrative, however, has a vivid realism even in its flights of romantic unreality. Because these stories are so delicately wrought and so finely phrased, their appeal must be mainly to the leisurely esthete.

Two stories intermingle in "The Golden Dancer" (Doran. \$2.00), by Cyril Hume, and neither one nor the other, nor both together, make a satisfying tale. Albert Wells is, in succession, a machinist, a soda-clerk and handy-man. He has ingenuity but no intelligence. Mr. Wells also has a dream-life about a golden-brown, tree-girl. These are the two existences that are meshed into one tale. The realism of the one is as extreme in its coarseness as the romanticism of the other is thin in its lyrical sensuousness.

Richmal Crompton tells a fantastic psychic story in "Dread Dwelling" (Boni and Liveright. \$2.00). How the sinister influence of a beautiful English country house "gets" all those who seem to come in contact with it until Donald Crofton breaks the spell, makes up the narrative. Its interest is sustained by some very charming people who move through its pages. In the evil that is done no allowance is made for free-will, certainly a dangerous philosophy. But then it was to prove this psychic fatalism that the story was told.

Just when Dick Martin thinks his detective days are over he is set to solve the mystery that attaches to Lord Selford and his fortune. Edgar Wallace assigns him the task in "The Door With Seven Locks" (Doubleday. \$2.00), and helps him to a solution apparently the more successful because it brings him a bride. However, he does much globe-trotting and is entangled in quite a few weird and ghastly experiences before his very complicated task is done. The story has interest but is without novelty.

Not infrequently the newspapers carry announcements of new discoveries of the Norse settlements along the Atlantic coastline. A number of novels too have been written with the same subject as their theme. In "Lief the Lucky" (Century. \$2.00), Clara Sharp Hough travels back a thousand years, and lives again in fancy the doughty deeds of the Vikings of old. Red Eric, Leif's barbaric father, lording it over Brattahld, his icebound domain, Gudrid the maid without a peer, whom Leif does not win in the end, and last of all Lief, who through murder and bitterest repentance wins true love, are resurrected as true characters of flesh and blood. Unfortunately, Gunnlaug, the priest, takes a part in the narrative. And so a good story is spoiled by the too-common, stupid misrepresentation and ignorance in regard to the fundamentals of things Catholic.

Married folk—with or without babies—will enjoy the quiet humor and profit by the sound sense that pervades "The Horton Twins" (Dodd, Mead. \$2.00), the newest Fannie Kilbourne book. It introduces the newly acquired twins of Dot and Will Horton to the reader along with many of the characters that have given charm to her other stories of domestic life. The episodes are amusing, the atmosphere cheerful, the characters wholesome and the suggestions for a happy domestic life practical.

Communications

The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department.

Scotch and Irish

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Recently I had a letter in AMERICA touching on the Scotch-Irish myth and the real meaning of the word Scotch. One, reading this letter, would assume (and rightly so) that Scotland was originally peopled by the Irish. Now comes a London newspaper which presents a survey of the migration at this particular period of the world's history between Ireland and Scotland. The writer in this paper found that "every seventh inhabitant of Scotland today is an Irishman," that, "between 1881 and 1901 the increase of the Irish population over the whole country was about twice as great as the Scots. From 1901 to 1921 it was six and a half times as great and one-fifth of the children born in Scotland in 1925 were of Irish extraction." It is supposed that the writer copied his statistics correctly.

If the above is true, it goes to show that Scotland is once more reverting to what it was originally: "land of the Irish." For the old name for Scotland, *Scotia*, means exactly the same thing.

In connection with the above I might also mention that the name given to the province of Nova Scotia means, "New Ireland." In the early days, even back to the time of St. Brendan, Irish fishermen visited the place, and it is reputed that the monks associated with the above named Saint, visited the peninsula. They named it, *Nova Scotia*, which is Latin for "New Ireland." The Irish in the British Isles, in Canada and in America (both North and South) are holding their own.

Lowell.

G. F. O'DWYER.

A Family Radio

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Will wonders cease? Last New Year's Eve father and mother and the little ones sat about their living-room tables in Buffalo, Boston and Baltimore, and listened to John McCormack. The great singer was in New York, still the strains of his "Mother Machree" brought tears to the eyes of city folk and villagers alike for thousands of miles around.

And yet this invention is but a toy when compared to another radio known for centuries as the ornament of devout Catholic homes. The radio to which I refer can both broadcast and receive, it flashes help to every corner of our globe, it reaches out beyond our universe, it even catches concerts from the courts of Heaven. It is a pocket radio, a bond of union in the home, the radio of the Most Holy Rosary.

This radio is appreciated by individuals, but is it known, I wonder, as a family devotion? Twilight in summer; or dark night in December, it makes little difference, evening remains rosary time in some Catholic homes, even today. Rosary in hand, parents and children assemble with one heart—around Edison's radio? No, but around a shrine of Mary.

Perhaps there is no shrine, still Heaven is there, where two or three are gathered in the name of Heaven's Queen. To each "Hail Mary" and "Holy Mary" uttered in reverent alternation, the Queen herself replies as once she answered Elizabeth: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour!" Saints and angels take up the strain, and it is vesper time and rosary time in Heaven. The five decades finished, another decade may follow for the Holy Souls, or the litany of Loretto, or some other favorite prayers may be added. These were known as the "trimmings" of that sublime old devotion which our fathers called "The Beads."

Why the past tense? Has this custom become but a memory? Must the modern radio supplant the old one? This question rests with each family, yet in answering it we should remember that if the home is to be a nursery of virtue and piety, the parent's chief care must be to nurture in the young a deep love for the Mother of God. Where can the American home find surer protection and strength than in her to whose Immaculate Conception

these United States have been consecrated? How, finally, can this devotion to Mary be better fostered than by the nightly recital of the family rosary? During May and October, and every night from October to May, and from May to October, for every day and every night we need her maternal counsel and care.

We are told that every religious is one chosen from some 40,000 others who receive no vocation. Why then, some ask, are three, or four, or even all the children of some families privileged to follow the Master in His sanctuary or cloister, while out of thousands of other households, no one is called? Or why do the boys of this family turn out so well; or why are all of Mrs. X's daughters so sensible and modest in an age of frivolity? Why, the world has asked, does the Irish nation remain faithful and pure; how has it sent its missionaries into every clime? Of the many solutions offered to such queries, one reason will suffice, God's Mother cannot be outdone in generosity, her family rosary must produce good fruit.

If the noise of the automobile and the roar of the "L" cannot drown out our new radio, can they distract us from our family rosary?

Weston, Mass.

J. R.

Why This Helplessness of Catholic Majorities?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am writing for some information to clarify a matter constantly, but not altogether illuminatingly, appearing on the columns of AMERICA, and other Catholic and non-Catholic papers as well, for that matter. Perhaps you can give it.

I have been reading of the persecutions in Mexico perpetrated upon ninety-five per cent of the inhabitants by five per cent; the ninety-five per cent Catholic, the five per cent radical or atheistic.

In this week's AMERICA your Czechoslovakian correspondent speaks of the insults heaped upon over eighty per cent of the people of that country, all Catholics, by presumably less than twenty per cent, who are represented as free-thinkers, etc.

We have in the past read of the Catholic French people harried to death by a virulently anti-Catholic minority; of Italy, overwhelmingly Catholic, being ruled by a group of anti-clerics before Mussolini's time; of Spain, a few years ago through its Government openly hostile to the Holy See; of Portugal, Catholic if anything, trampling upon the rights of the Church and killing the clergy, etc.; leaving out the none-too-pleasant memories of the South American countries in this same connection.

Frankly, I have tried to answer intelligently many questions put to me about this anomalous situation, but I am afraid I am in the class with the man of whom a certain Frenchman once said: "I am sorry, sir, but you do not seem to give me many informations."

What is it that makes or has made helpless so many vast majorities of overwhelmingly Catholic countries in matters of such vital concern and of such perfectly legitimate interest as civic rights?

Has Our Lord's rebuke to the children of light, administered two thousand years ago, because they were less wise than the children of this world, produced no better results up to date in our relationship to Caesar or his modern equivalent than is revealed in such helplessness of Catholics in civil affairs in the world of our time?

I have never been able to discern anything in Catholic teaching that precludes a wholesome, active, strong interest in civic affairs on the part of the Faithful. Our Lord Himself confirmed that years ago when He insisted that to Caesar should be given the things that are Caesar's. Is not interest in the Government under which we live, whatever our nationality, a perfectly natural and normal thing to be expected of us while we still have our feet upon the earth? Why then are Catholics the world over in civic matters lying down supinely and allowing well-organized, but admittedly small minorities of atheistic, radical, or bigoted "hy-jackers" to set limits upon their perfectly legitimate civic rights, not to speak of their plain natural rights?

If, as our theologians tell us, "grace does not destroy nature but perfects it," is there not among Catholics the world over need of the immediate development of a greater sense of responsibility for the kind of civic government under which we are to live, so that upon such a natural foundation grace may have a chance to work its perfecting process?

That there is an appalling lack of Catholic leadership in civic affairs in the world today, no one can deny. How is it to be explained? Our Faith, our religion, is not responsible for it, that is certain, and only a perverted Catholic sense would lead to the conclusion that it is. It is not because of a lack of equipment, surely, whether that be social, intellectual, or moral. For certainly, giving all reasonable credit for ability to those who now govern the nations of the world, it is hard to discover in most of them anything above glorified mediocrity.

Is it the rumbling of Reformation or revolutionary ransackings that still haunts us? If it is, then it is time we bury that ghost and cease living half apologetically in our own native countries wherever they may be.

When the Jesuit Father who had fought valiantly for France in the late war challenged openly the Herriot regime to curtail his liberties, he did so with that violence that the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth, and all the world knows that the blatant Premier went back into his corner.

Slavish submission to injustice is neither a Christian law nor a Christian counsel. If we must suffer, let it be while in the fearless, active exercise of all our God-given, natural and civic rights, and not as the result of a senseless surrender, through indifference, of our birthright.

Can you throw some light on this subject?

Chelsea, Mass.

M. J. SCANLAN.

Mexico and Rosalie Evans

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The state of anarchy in which Mexico is engulfed is not receiving the attention in this country which the facts warrant. There is a grave danger at our very door. Revolting crimes are being perpetrated on our own and other nationals, and with the apparent sanction of the so-called "government." The murder on September 18 of an aged American citizen, a Mr. Rosenthal, by bandits is the latest reported atrocity.

The murder and spoliation of American citizens is in keeping with Mexico's massed attack on organized religion, and who will affirm that the American electorate is without responsibility? For did we not through recognition help to establish the legal banditry which is at present functioning in Mexico under the name and guise of Government. We helped through sale of ammunition and went, alas! so far as to allow Mexican troops to go through United States territory. We are indeed seceding from American traditions and ideals. Not so long ago, and oppression anywhere would enkindle honest indignation (Cuba for instance) yet we look on undisturbed at the present Reign of Terror in Mexico!

A recent correspondent of AMERICA advised your readers to refer to the "Rosalie Evans Letters from Mexico" as a source-book covering the last decade in that unhappy country. The book is indeed a revelation and is *everything that organized propaganda is not*. The American people do not know the truth but should! Understanding and adjustment would very soon follow once the tactics of the present communistic regime were known.

Unfortunately this book sells for a prohibitive price—that is prohibitive for the average wage-earner, hence the following suggestion which is the *raison d'être* for this letter: Would it be possible for civic and church societies to arrange with the Publishers (Bobbs Merrill Co.) for a cheap paper edition, which could be sold say for 75c. or \$1.00, for educative purposes? Rosalie Caden Evans, a former Texas girl, made the supreme sacrifice in the cause of righteousness and humanity. Her compatriots should know more about her and the communistic regime that convived at her brutal murder.

Boston.

A. O'BRIEN.

